



Australian

PENTHOUSE

THE AUSTRALIAN MEN'S MAGAZINE

MARCH 1993

BLACK LABEL

E D I T I O N



EXCLUSIVE!

WHO SHOT MR RENT-A-KILL?

The termination of Christopher Flannery

**The real man's
guide to feminism**

F O R S U B S C R I B E R S O N L Y

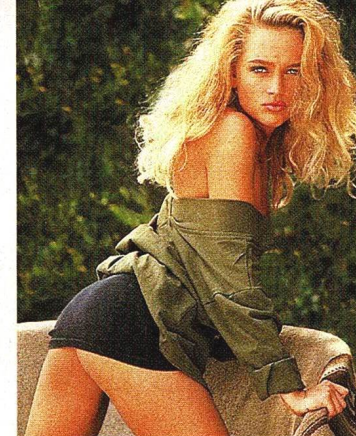


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Australian PENTHOUSE

The International Men's Magazine/Vol 14 No 3/March 1993 Black Label Edition



Cover by: John Harroll

regular features

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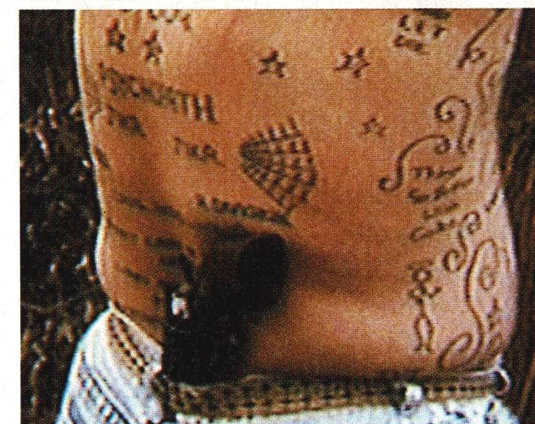
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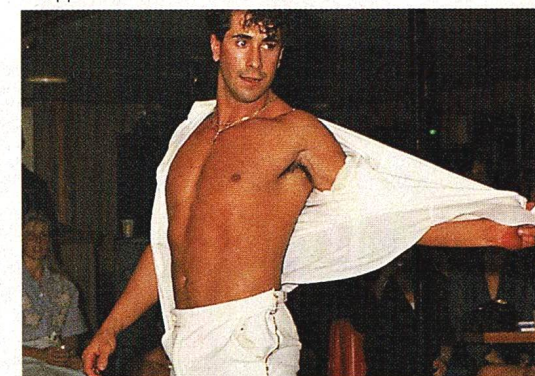
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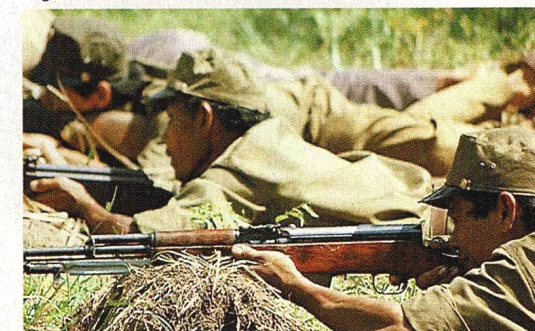
Mr Rent-A-Kill



Chopper's World



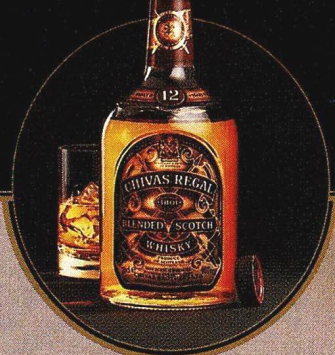
Nightlife



Tour of Duty

AS LONG AS THERE ARE PEOPLE WHO
CAN SPEAK WITHOUT WORDS...

There will always be a
CHIVAS REGAL.



MARCH



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PUBLISHERS

Published in collaboration with Penthouse Publications Ltd c/o Stephens Innocent, Columbia House, 69 Aldwych, London WC2B 4DU England. Edited by Gem Kilt Publishing Pty Ltd, Cammeray, NSW, Australia, 2062.

EDITORIAL OFFICES

Gem Kilt Publishing Pty Ltd, P.O. Box 42, Cammeray, NSW, Australia, 2062. Telephone (02) 929 6677. Facsimile: (02) 922 6284.

ADVERTISING OFFICES

Gem Kilt Publishing Pty Ltd, P.O. Box 42, Cammeray, NSW, Australia, 2062. Telephone (02) 929 6677, Telex AA 27833. Facsimile: (02) 922 6284.

DISTRIBUTORS

Gordon & Gotch Ltd.

PENTHOUSE INTERNATIONAL LTD (US edition)

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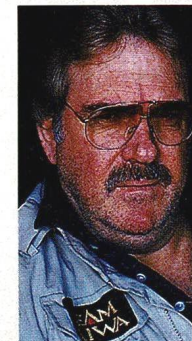
EDITORIAL OFFICES

New York: 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y., 10023-5965. Tel: (212) 496-6100. West Coast: 6728 Eton Ave, Canoga Park, Calif. 91303 Tel: (818) 992-4777.

FOREIGN EDITIONS

France: Editions des Savanes, 65 Avenue des Champs-Elysees, 75008 Paris; Germany: Redaktion PH, RedMag Gesellschaft f. redakt. Leistungen mbH, Postfach 140460, D-8000 Munchen 5; Holland: European Publishing, 21 Holborn Viaduct, London, England; Hong Kong: Yongder Hall Ltd, 661 King's Rd, Quarry Bay; Mexico: Corporacion Editorial s.a. de C.V., Lucio Blanco 435, Col. San Juan, Tlhuaca DF 02400; South Africa: Essay Media (Pty) Ltd, PO Box 52234, Saxonwold 2132; Spain: Editorial Formentera SA, Calle Rocafort 104, 08015 Barcelona; UK: Sightline Publications Ltd, PO Box 381, Mill Harbour, London e14 9TW.

housecall

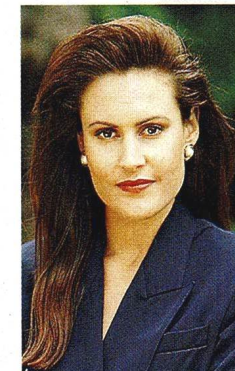


MR RENT-A-KILL

He's the editor of *Fishing News*, but **Paul B. Kidd's** enduring passion is the world of crime and punishment. Following in the footsteps of his recently published book, *Never To Be Released*, Kidd turns his attentions to the rise and demise of former underworld hitman, Christopher Dale Flannery. A former "debt collector" and restaurateur, Kidd is a photographer, film maker, television and radio commentator and writer for countless magazines. Although a fishing expert, Kidd admits it took 22 years before he recently landed the Big One — a 1000lb Black Marlin off Cairns. Find his Mr Rent-a-Kill story on page 34.

CHOPPER

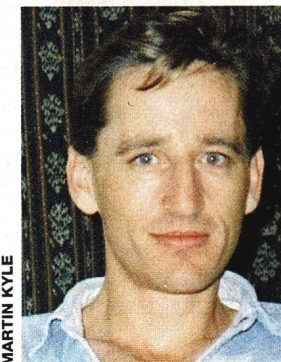
Hard Copy reporter **Renee Brack** was a print journalist for six years before turning to television. In her return to the print media, Brack reports on three days in the life of one of Australia's deadliest criminals; Mark "Chopper" Read. The former magazine writer travelled to Tasmania last year to interview, observe and play Russian roulette with the man who Tasmanian courts have now declared a "dangerous criminal". In her *Penthouse* debut, Brack tells a story of guns, booze, torture and prison violence, and profiles a man you can't help but like. Find her story on page 48 with pictures courtesy of *Hard Copy*.



RENEE BRACK

IT USED TO BE CALLED NAGGING

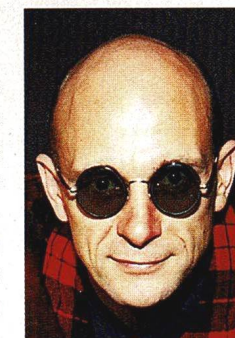
Martin Kyle has been trying for more than a year now to have his book, *It Used To Be Called Nagging: The Real Man's Guide To Feminism*, published. The book has been turned down on more than 70 occasions because of its irreverent debunking of just about every feminist argument. Kyle is a writer, father and black belt in Chinese martial arts. He is not your average feminist-basher, preferring instead to see modern feminism as a middle-class, yuppie movement that strikes at the working classes. On page 52 we publish the first extract from the book that could not be published. **Philip Holliday** created the picture.



MARTIN KYLE

SOUNDS

Writing 132 articles for one publication is a feat for any writer. But when, as in **Jeremy Cook's** case, you write those pieces for a monthly publication like *Penthouse*, you need more endurance than an iron man. A drummer and songwriter, Cook has written musician profiles and interviews in this magazine for the past decade as well as his monthly music review column called "Sounds". Somehow, he finds time to work as an actor and used to star in the Radio Rentals television ad as the Mad Professor. On page 26 he reviews the latest offering from Mark Williams in what is his 132nd outing for *Penthouse*.



JEREMY COOK

GIRLS' NIGHT OUT

For the eleventh instalment of our Nightlife series, we threw together two of the maddest characters in Australian journalism — **Jean Norman** writing the words and **Paul McIver** behind the camera — to chronicle a girls' night out in Sydney. Disaster struck before the evening even began when the women who had agreed to be the subject of the story pulled out at the last minute. Unfazed, the *Penthouse* team walked into a Kings Cross laundromat and found two Kiwi girls, Josie and Luana, who were ready to party. On page 66 find out what happened through the rest of the evening.

feedback

Porn again

Paul Wilson's article on porn was, to say the least, a welcome relief and it has armed me with some valuable ammunition when it comes to inevitably justifying my subscription to *Penthouse*. Thankyou for providing evidence that simply because I appreciate the beautiful Pets, it does not mean I want to go out and rape them.

While I have nothing against feminists or feminism, I think it would do the unholy alliance of radical feminists and morals crusaders good to look at Paul Wilson's article for a well-informed counter-argument against the porn equals sexual violence line of thought. — *Mitchell Knox, Brisbane, Qld*

Bloody brilliant

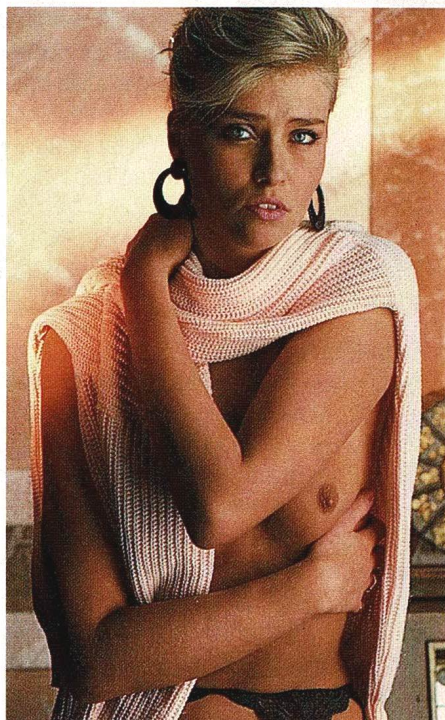
The Verbatim interview in the February issue with Kevin "Bloody" Wilson was a scream. What a pleasure it was to encounter a bloke who isn't obsessed with record sales, marketing his image or chasing the big bucks. His down-to-earth sense of humour really gives him an identity in this age of comedians who are so ideologically sound that they are boring. Kevin possesses that rare gift of making his audience feel as if they are each having a one on one with the bloke. He is a modest, no-bullshit guy who is genuinely proud of his heritage. Onya Kev. — *Evan Philpot, Perth, WA*

Lady Madonna

I'd like to congratulate *Australian Penthouse* for being the only mainstream publication not to hype the Madonna book *Sex*. Okay, she's an attractive woman but so are all the Pets. Quite honestly, I'm getting a little tired of being confronted by her body again and again and again. What's next for the self-proclaimed goddess of pop? There's nothing left to take off the lady. — *Mike Blake, Bundaberg, Qld*

Muscle drugs

Being a former steroids user I want to thank *Penthouse* for publishing an unbiased account of the exploding steroid abuse problem among young, image-conscious males. I was a 16-year-old high school kid when I first started taking steroids. That was three years ago and steroid abuse was already rampant at my school for reasons that Mark Abernethy describes as "vanity" in his article. The



Karen Bond — an earthly goddess

steroid problem in schools is now an epidemic. If authorities can't stop the use of these drugs they should be running information campaigns in schools to make people aware of the dangers. As the article points out, the physical side effects of steroids is not really the issue. As police and education authorities will discover, the real danger is what steroids do to a teenager's brain at a time in his life when he is already confused, frustrated and overflowing with natural hormones. — *Name and address withheld*

Free service

Firstly, I would like to compliment *Australian Penthouse* on the high quality of their couples pictorials in the Black Label edition. The models are extremely attractive and the standard of the photography is superior to every other magazine of the genre. This leads me to the point of my letter, which is to offer my services as a male model. Should you need any men (although no doubt you have men lining up), I would be glad to partake in a shoot, for free. — *Name and address withheld*

Bonded fan

My God! Karen Bond in the December *Penthouse* is the most attractive, exciting and magnificent woman to have ever graced the pages of your magazine. Her

natural, warm beauty and exquisite features are extraordinary. Beside the natural aphrodisiac of youth, she possesses a luscious mouth that was made to be kissed. Quite simply, Karen Bond is an earthly goddess. — *Max Kline, Sydney, NSW*

Too many guns

I was disturbed by your Adventure article in December *Penthouse* called "Make My Day". Mr Allbeury tells the story of practical shooting as if it's harmless fun and an exciting way to spend an afternoon. What concerns me, and possibly a lot of readers, is the way their "sport" is played-out in real life by trigger-happy murderers. The practical shooters in the article use real guns, live ammo and aim at targets that supposedly depict real people! We can't stop criminals killing people by stopping law-abiding folk going about their lawful business. But we can try to engender an attitude in our increasingly violent society that says "no" to a gun culture. Remember: hand guns are only good for one thing, and turning their use into a "sport" is offensive to many of us. — *S.J. Meinz, Melbourne, Vic*

Lean On Me, Please

Wow! Lene Hefner (December *Penthouse*) is the hottest woman I've seen in your magazine for a long time. She has the body, the eyes and lips of an angel. Oh, and great magazine guys, keep it up! — *Jim Creight, Adelaide, SA*

Digger's Grub

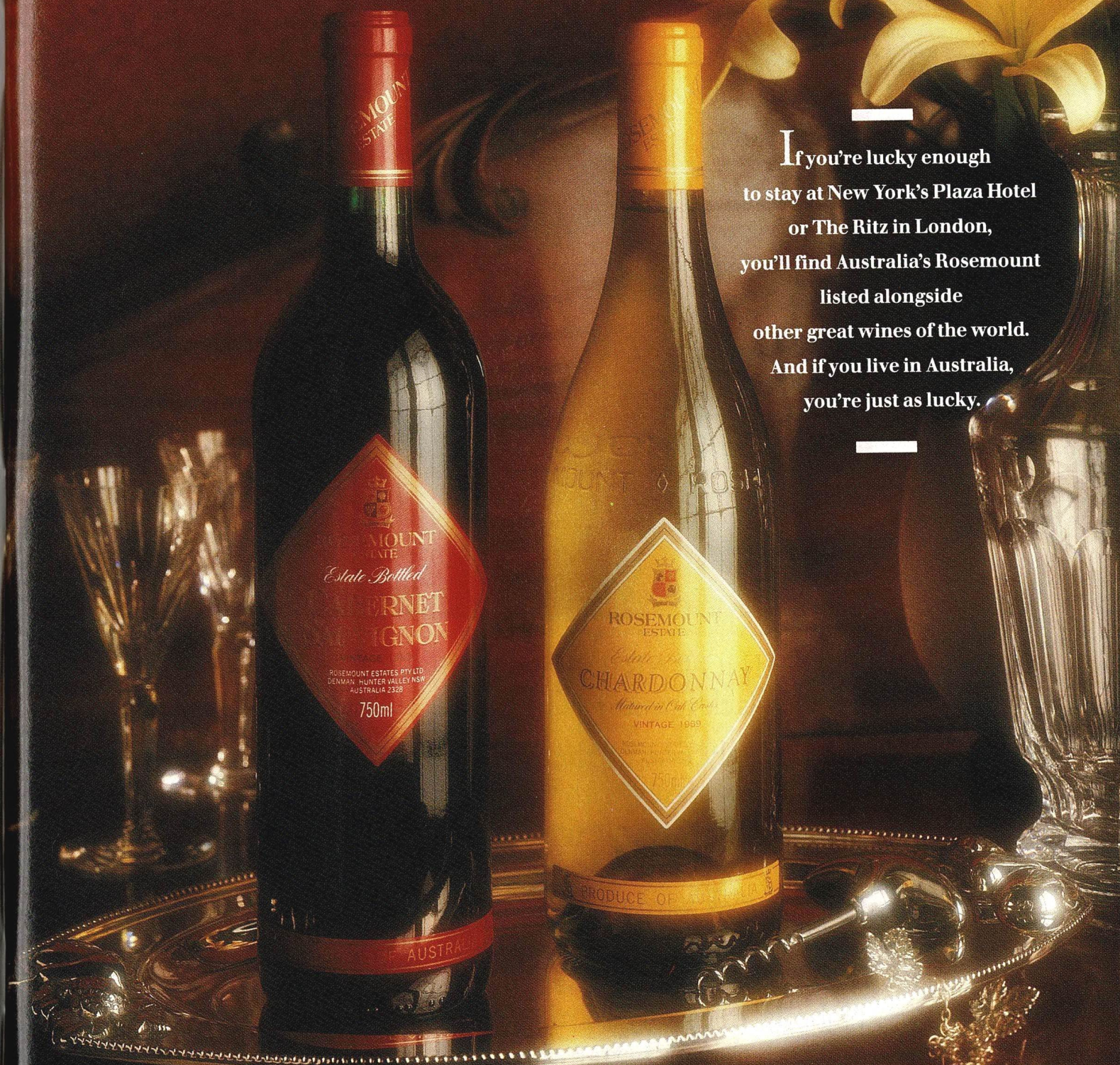
Just a short note to express my outrage at Todd Cole's article in the December issue about military food, or Ration Packs, as they are known.

It seems totally mean-spirited of the Australian Army to keep feeding our boys (and women) these canned and dried slops when other armed forces of the world can see their ways clear to look after their troops. Is there any good reason why the American and the Japanese Armies attempt to feed their soldiers with the food they want, while the Australian Army insults its boys with sub-human fare? Could it be true that our prisoners are fed better than our soldiers?

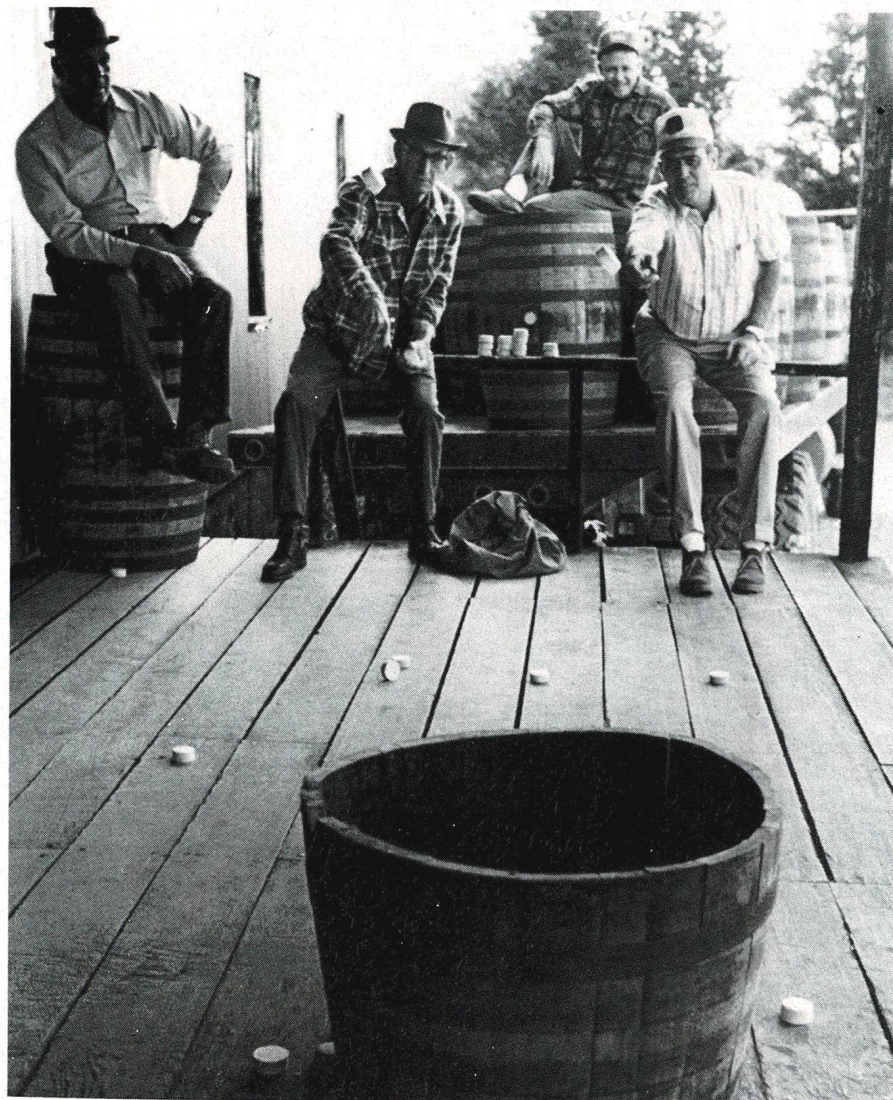
The Australian Army should pull its socks up and look after its greatest asset: the soldiers. — *Angry And Confused, Fremantle, WA*

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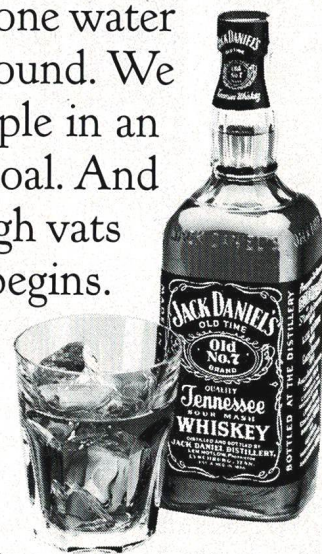
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Le petit mort

Friday night. Alone again in a shitty hotel with only Don Burke for company. Here I was, cashed-up and horny with nowhere to go, or come for that matter.

After I'd raided the mini-bar, jumped on the bed and switched to the free video channel, I was bored beyond belief.

It was then I discovered a neat little pamphlet tucked, ironically, under the Bible. "Sasha's. Wide range of attractive girls. Discreet. Will come to hotel."

Never having been with a hooker before, I envisaged a huge, make-up encrusted mamma, dressed in a cheap camisole and sporting a red boa. What the hell, I called.

When Genny arrived at the door, I first thought she was a room-service waitress, and a work experience one at that. She was so young — no more than 20-years-old. Her angelic features, small stature and clear, blue eyes belied her profession. I could no more imagine her naked on her back than I could Madonna clothed and standing up.

I asked Genny in and offered her a drink. She walked straight in and deposited her bag and a small clock on the bedside table.

"How long would you like?" she asked settling onto the bed and crossing her long, bare legs. I looked down her legs and thought about a lunar month would suffice. She smiled and slowly opened her legs just so I could catch a glimpse of her lace panties.

"What would I get for \$300?" I asked.

She opened her legs slightly wider and said, "One hour. Straight sex."

"Five hundred?"

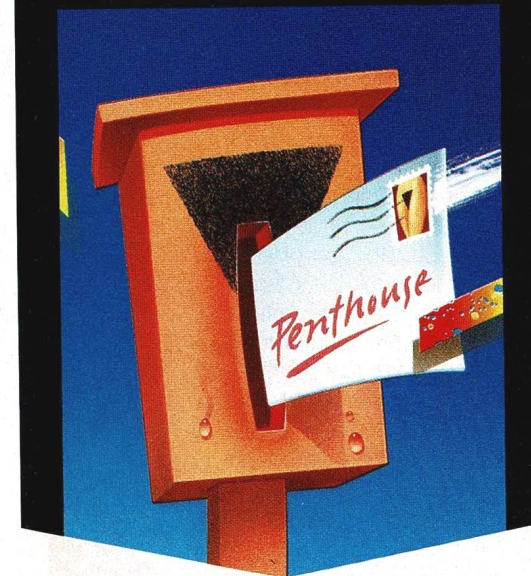
"Two hours and oral."

"A grand?"

This absolute angel then lay back on the bed, hiked her skirt up, opened her legs wide and said, "Whatever you want. All night."

Lewd, wanton images of me fucking her in every conceivable position; images of her sucking me off in public and of me fucking her up the arse dashed through my sordid imagination.

"Sold!" I said. This was going to be



forum

the most disgusting, depraved and debauched night of my life. It was going to be great.

I paid the money and my angel dropped to her knees and began tugging at my fly and belt. As Genny's fingernails delved into my underpants in search of my cock, I stroked her silken hair. She released my prick, looked up at me and said, "Everyone says this is my speciality." With that, she swallowed the head of my cock. The sudden moist warmth caused me to jump. Genny dragged my hips forward causing my thick cock to slide back into her velvet mouth. It slowly vanished into her, then reappeared glistening with saliva. Genny began to play my cock like it was a harmonica, gently tickling my balls at the same time. This woman didn't suck cock, she made love to a cock.

I sat on the bed, reached over her back and began to feel her arse. As my finger explored Genny's damp folds, her pace increased to the point of torture. I held her head as it bobbed in my lap. Faster and faster she went. With each stroke she went deeper and deeper still. She was taking me completely in her mouth by now, moaning and grunting. I felt my cock firm and my balls contract. My hips lifted as I thrust into her face. I was going to come.

Without warning, and just as the first wave of orgasm racked my body, she

stopped. Genny looked up. Her lips were swollen, her chin moist, and beads of sweat traced delicate paths down her face.

Silently, Genny unbuttoned her blouse and liberated her large, yet firm breasts. Cupping my cock between her luscious tits, she began to move up and down. Again, she began slowly. Her eyes locked on to mine as she pushed her lovely bosoms together for more friction. I felt orgasm building again.

If there's one thing I love, it's a woman who talks dirty. As if reading my mind, Genny began to mutter, "Fuck my tits. Come on, rub your big thick cock between them." Call me an egotist, but it was turning me on something terrible. Every so often Genny

would dip her head and swallow the head of my cock, then return to her obscene litany. "Make your cock spurt on my face." Supporting myself on the bed I thrust up between her tits. Genny ceased her guttural talk and dedicated her lovely mouth to the tip of my cock.

Just as my excitement increased to the point of orgasm, Genny once again stopped. Quickly she stood up, spun away from me, lifted her skirt and pulled her panties to one side. The sight was astonishing. Her beautiful pussy glistened between the most stunning arse I think I've ever seen. Genny reached around and guided my dick towards her pussy. Facing away from me, she squatted until my cock was just touching her outer lips. I pushed up to enter her. But just as the tip disappeared, Genny pulled away. She had other ideas.

Genny leant forward so my twitching cock was sliding up and down her slit. Then, with a practiced expertise, she started to slide her cunt up and down my cock. The moisture from her cunt began to coat my prick as she increased her pace, masturbating me at the same time.

When my cock was well and truly coated, she held my cockhead at the entrance to her pussy and began to wank the full length of my cock. I looked up into the mirror to see her beautiful orgasmic expression; then I looked down to the erotic sight of my penis a

forum

centimetre inside of her. Genny's hand started to move faster over my shining prick. Suddenly Genny quickly dipped her cunt down over my cock and stood up again. We both moaned in unison and Genny returned to rapidly sliding her tiny hand up and down the length of my now truly well-lubricated cock.

"Come on my cunt," Genny urged as she wanked me, her hand blurring.

I groaned as I felt my orgasm build for the third time.

"Come all over my arsehole and cunt," she said. I felt my orgasm build from the very core of my being.

Again Genny dipped her cunt over my cock quickly and moaned then returned to masturbating me.

"I want your come, come, come," she urged and slipped another centimetre inside her. My balls tightened and I felt a lava flow of come spurt upwards. Time stopped. My mind spasmed. My body became a heaving, muscle-less mass. Genny let her cunt entirely swallow my prick as she cried out in ecstasy. My orgasm surged into her as I fell upwards into the stars and nirvana. *Le petit mort*, as the French say.

When the world started to function again, Genny turned around and fell on top of me giggling like a child. I kissed

her and she kissed me back like a lover. I looked at the clock — six o'clock. I still had 12 hours. You little fucking beauty. — *Name and address withheld*

Afternoon tutorial

Although I am not married, I have lived with my boyfriend for five years, and we are totally committed to each other, almost.

Recently I had a sexual encounter outside of my relationship that deserves to be shared with your readers. I am currently attending uni and, being an attractive female, I have no shortage of social contact with men of all ages and types. I had never felt the desire to become sexually involved with anyone else and was always faithful, until recently.

Late last year a girlfriend of mine introduced me to an attractive guy, Dean, who I liked straight away. Something just seemed to click between us, and although nothing was said, I really got off on the way he looked at me. Occasionally I bumped into him on campus and we chatted. I liked the fact that he didn't try to chat up every girl he saw, including me, but I was becoming increasingly curious. Did he look at all his female friends the same way he looked at me?

It was tantalising being attracted to him but not being sure about whether he felt the same way about me. Well, I soon

found out. A group of us were at the uni bar one night when somehow I found myself dancing with Dean. I loved the way his body moved and I started to get hot just watching him. Later, after a few drinks and many more dances, we collapsed against the wall at the back of the room. He began kissing me, and in the dim light I tried to hide from anybody I knew as I responded to his daring, but most welcome advance.

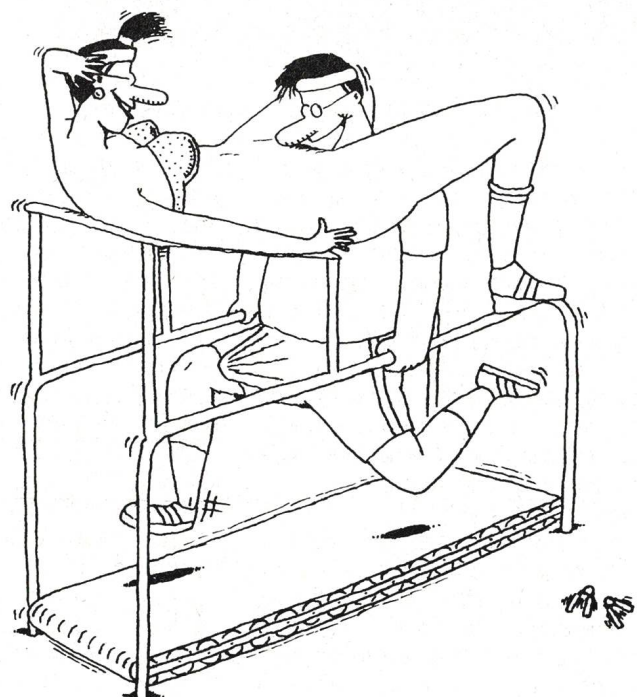
As his tongue searched my mouth, his hand ran up my jean-clad thigh, along my side and circled my nipple which now protruded visibly from under my tight-cotton top. Then he let his hand rest against the damp patch between my legs and pressed three fingers along the length of my pussy. I loved the feel of his hands and tongue and I got very wet imagining what other parts of him might feel like. Soon the band had finished and it seemed the night was over before it had really begun.

I went home feeling horny as hell and screwed the life out of my boyfriend. I don't think he knew what had gotten into me. I fucked him vigorously all night, but somehow it wasn't enough. I wanted Dean. Steven, my boyfriend, is a good lover but our sex life had been fairly uninteresting of late.

Now, consumed by my new-found obsession, I had to have Dean. He'd primed me up and I needed to go all the way. To my frustration it took months before I was able to put my increasing desire into action. Then one day during lunch, Dean suggested we go up to his place — just minutes from the uni — and I didn't hesitate.

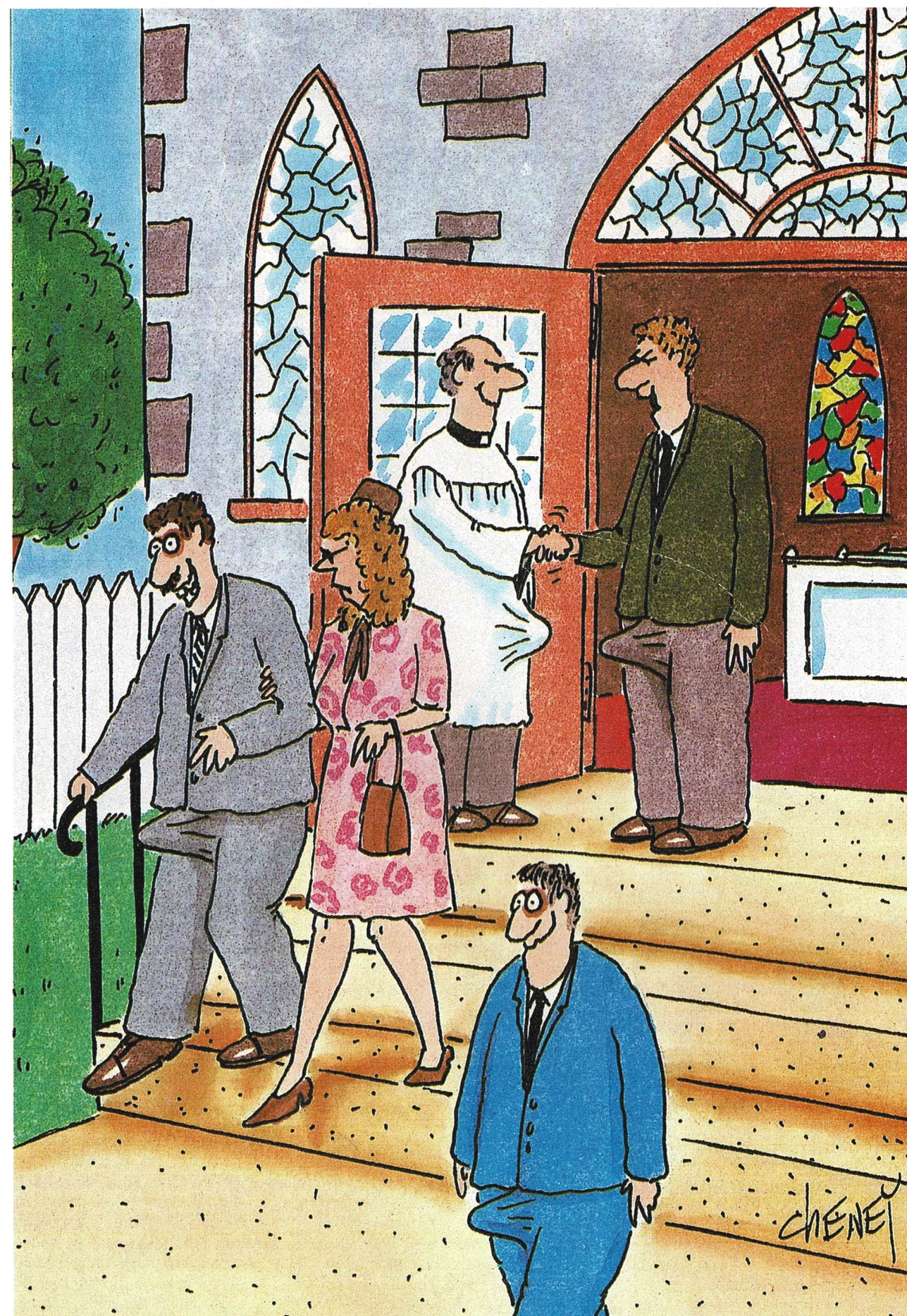
No sooner had the door closed behind us and we were all but tearing each other's clothes off. We knew what we wanted and we weren't going to waste any time. Immediately he began kissing my tits while he pulled at my panties, then he lifted me by my thighs and positioned me against the wall in his hallway. It seemed his tongue and hands were all over me and I was savouring the feeling. When he gently parted the lips of my soaked cunt and thrust into me, oh God, I started to come.

We screwed each other frantically, like wild animals on heat. He took me from room to room, and had me in different positions each time. Over several hours he tongued, fingered and fucked me to numerous indescribable orgasms. Then we moved into the 69 position. I used my lips, tongue and throat to work his cock to the point of bursting, while he flicked my pleasure button to perfection. He moaned with pleasure and I eased back a little, making him think I was not going to let him come inside me, then suddenly I took him as deep as I could, squeezing the base of his tool with my fingers as I



"I hope you don't mind if I eat and run."

Continued on page 118

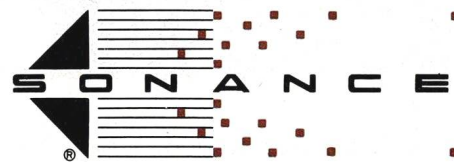


"Very inspirational sermon, Padre."

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M O D E R N M A N

FRONT

OY VAY!

The Modern Jewish Man has angst for lunch and guilt for dinner

As one of The Chosen, I must say that when it comes to women, the Modern Jewish Man can find himself in situations which are not exactly kosher. Judaism and the culture it has spawned is the Western world's last remaining matriarchy. Jewish women are bossy, powerful creatures who emit an almost suffocating love as well as dictating the course of everything in a Jewish bloke's life from the food he eats to the woman he marries.

Jewish men treat women very well. Mainly because they are shit-scared of their deadly outbursts of pure, concentrated guilt. (How many Jewish mothers does it take to change a light bulb? None, I'll just sit

"Guilt is so engrained that we even feel guilty about feeling guilty . . ."

here in the dark and suffer.)

Like the Greek and Maori cultures, Judaism revolves around food. The comic Jackie Mason said that after a show you can always tell the gentiles from the Jews. The gentiles will be the ones saying, "Let's go get a drink." The Jews will be asking each other, "Have you had coffee and cake yet?" This has led to a situation where many Jewish women think that sex is what happens between dinner and breakfast. In the mind of a Jewish woman foreplay means *hors d'oeuvres*.

But it wasn't always this way. I read my Old Testament. People



were begatting each other all over the place and before you could say "amen", there were whole tribes of us buying into time-share developments all across Canaan. In fact, one of the greatest deeds that a Jew can perform is to procreate on the sabbath. I don't know why, but something has changed. Jewish girls are intelligent, well-spoken and very loving, but when it comes to sex, they still have the attitude: "Why should I put that in my mouth when there's some lovely roast chicken in the fridge."

Jewish fathers always tell their boys: "You can practice on the *shiksas* but you will marry a good

Jewish girl." So I strayed, to sample the delights of gentile genitalia. What a strange new world of sensual delights was opened up to me. When a Jewish girl moans in bed, it's usually something along the lines of, "Oy, is my credit rating low."

Well maybe I'm exaggerating a bit but hey, it's part of my heritage. Remember Jews don't get headaches they get "terrible migraines"; they don't get wet in the rain they get "absolutely soaked-to-the-bone-gonna-catch-triple-pneumonia-drenched"; they don't trip on the stairs, they "nearly broke their neck on the stairs yesterday."

Now I don't want to sound as if

Illustration by Drahos Zak

OY VAY!

the chosen people don't have sex. (How else could they have gone forth and multiplied?) But it is a cerebral culture that spawned the likes of Albert Einstein, Joseph Heller and Jesus Christ. When the rest of the population is engaged in all manner of carnal liaison, Jews are sitting around a well-stocked table throwing witticisms about and telling anybody who will listen about "the building they should have bought 15 years ago for nine dollars."

Jews are universally known for their sharp minds, acute business sense and unique sense of conversation. (We answer questions with questions: "Honey what can I do to turn you on?" "Do I look like a sex therapist?")

Where fierce Latin libidos vie for the title of "world's most passionate lovers", The Chosen are not even

mentioned. Jews are just not sexy. I mean how many Jewish porn stars have you heard of: Ruthie Goldberg in Lust Camp 7? It just doesn't have a ring to it.

Without wanting to put my head on a block, you also have to remember the circumcision thing.

This is not a discreet surgical affair carried out in the back room of some clinic. It is a huge party where the eight-day-old boy is snipped on the lounge room table while hundreds of onlookers stand around feasting on lovingly-prepared fare (can't forget that food). You can't tell me that this doesn't have an effect on a bloke in later life.

When all of these things are combined, Jewish sex becomes a comedy of errors. I end up going into Woody Allen neurotic mode as soon as the action starts. With each

thrust more insecurities and fears are played out in my head. "What if she's faking it?; what if she wants to do it in a position I've never heard of?; what if I get a cramp?; what are we going to eat afterwards?"

Obviously it's not the sex that draws women to the Modern Jewish Man. Maybe it's because we're gentle. Ever hear of a Jewish boxer? Maybe it's because we're not intimidating; as Jackie Mason says "no-one ever crossed a dark street to avoid a potentially fatal encounter with an accountant named Silberstein." Maybe we're easily pushed around.

Put a bunch of us around a table and we'll talk up a storm. Put two of us in a bed and we're lost for words. We're not really that good at physical things. Jackie Mason says: "Jews are brought up being told, your mind should work not your hands. That's why Jews never fix things." How many Jewish carpenters have you heard of? I only know of one and look what happened to him.

This lack of manual dexterity in the workshop is just as marked in the bedroom. While other races are doing impressions of the *Karma Sutra* being paged through at high speed, Jews are becoming rapidly entangled in a fleshy mess that leaves only their backs making contact. If you ever eavesdropped on the breathless whisperings of this type of adventurous Jewish sex you'd probably hear, "Oy, what are we going to tell the chiropractor?" Then we feel guilty that it wasn't the sex of a lifetime we see on television.

Guilt is so engrained in the culture that we even feel guilty about feeling guilty.

"What is it with me? I shouldn't be feeling guilty."

"I know, I know."

"I don't want to sound like I'm complaining, but it's just so difficult."

"I know, I know."

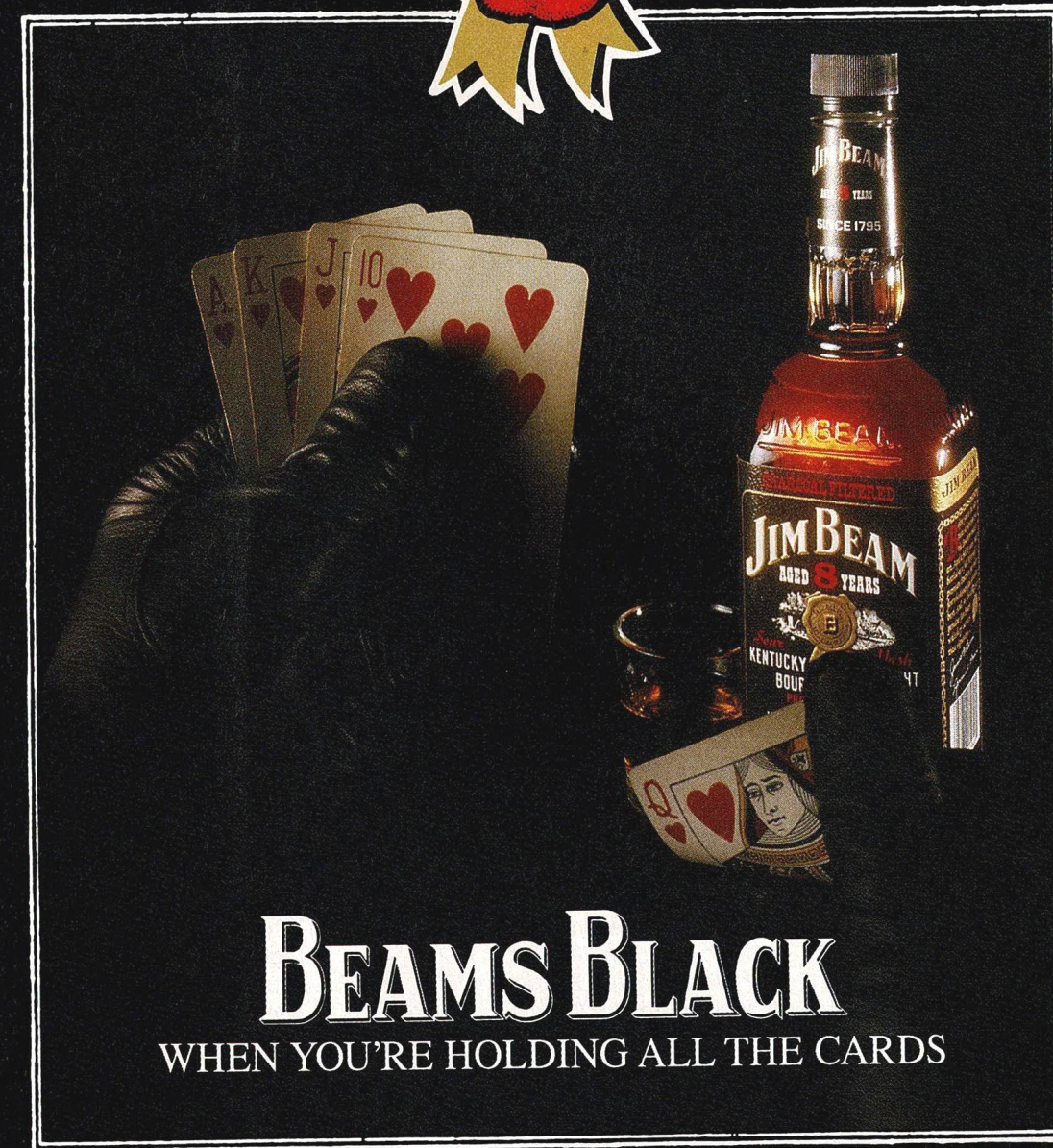
So where is the Modern Jewish Male to go? With all these things going on, relationships can be very challenging. It makes sexual intimacy a carefully negotiated domain. I mean, have I done something so terrible to deserve this?

I know, I know! — David Smiedt



"Why do you always clam up when I ask you what you're feeling?"

JIM BEAM



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TIM BAILEY

Reporter for Good Morning Australia and 2 Day FM

Where were you born and how does it effect who you are today?

Hobart. A close family and the values that go with that are a big asset today.

What do you use for transport?

Planes! I'm in a different state almost everyday, my car's been out of juice out the front for 7 weeks.

What really pisses you off?

Big egos. I don't care if ya the best cricketer, footballer, TV host or carpenter in the world. Treat people as you like to be treated.

What's your favourite saying?

You know the rules — there aren't any.

What was the last book that you read?

Roald Dahl's *Tales of the Unexpected*. He was a sick unit.

Who do you admire in your own field?

Richard Stubbs and his brother 'Grubby'. Also Dave Gibson a humourist on Triple M radio in Brisbane.

What musical recording would you give to your worst enemy?

Kev Bailey (my ol man) plays the bagpipes. He's a shocker.

If they made you Emperor tomorrow, what would you change?

Four days on three days off. Who came up with five on two off?

What's your favourite drink?

Beer, the questions are easy so far.

What makes you proud?

People appreciating the person I am and the job I do — particularly people I am close to.

Who would you least like to sit next to on a long plane journey?

A fat baaastard.

Are there any vices you want to adopt?

Um...no...there's none left.

What do you sing in the shower?

Classic love songs to the soap on a rope.

Do you have any unfulfilled ambitions?

Yep, a good many. Most are on a personal rather than career level. Basically I want to keep improving.

Who would you most like to spend an evening with?

Mike Willesee. He's been a hero of



Photo by Geoff Howden

mine since I was knee high to a grass hopper.

What movie character would you most like to be?

Richard Gere didn't appear to do it too tough in *Pretty Woman*.

What is your worst vice?

Going too hard for too long on the lagers.

What makes you want to throw a stubbie at the TV?

I'd never waste one, although those Delilah adverts would give aspirin a headache.

How do you relax?

A book on the balcony soaking up the view, the sunshine and backing a winner or two. Sailing a cat off Dunk Island.

What makes you embarrassed?

Blowing off in lifts.

When do you lie to people?

Usually in lifts. "No, no, no, it wasn't me."

What's the sexiest thing in a woman?

A knowing smile, mystery and a sparkle in the eye.

What sport would you play as a professional if you had the chance?

Aussie Rules, loved it since I was little. Would have loved to play AFL but the bastard's said you needed ability.

Do you regret anything?

I regret living in a different State to the two most important people on the planet, my mum and dad. They still call Tasmania home.

Have you any phobias?

Clear on that one.

How would you describe yourself?

An energetic, colourful, warm and thirsty rascal. A professional who won't let ya down. Obsessive.

What are you really slack about?

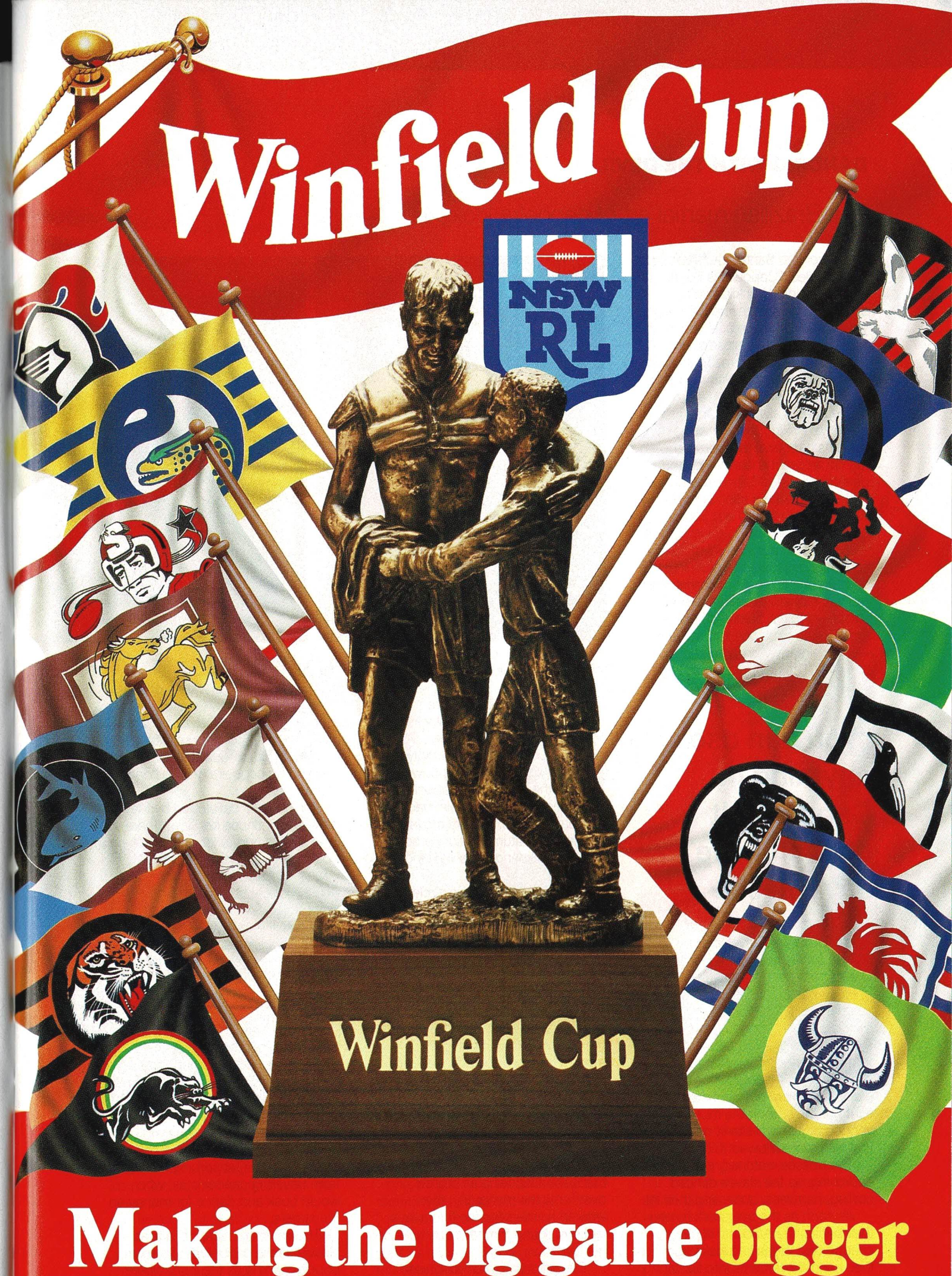
Paying bills and changing my bedding. Both stink.

What gets you down?

Loneliness. Being away from people you most enjoy being with. The constant grind of one day rolling into another and the occasional feeling of not going forward.

Where do you want to be ten years from now?

Sitting out the front of my beach house teaching the bub how to surf.... and practicing to have other bubs.



DANCING WITH THE DEVIL

The Brazilian martial art of capoeira kicks in

Jeronimo Santos de Silva smiles. "Capoeira is like a weapon. You kill. You're supposed to have razors between your toes. You move as if you're not fighting. You dance close to the ground, you hide the razor, then you kick out like kung fu, with the razor on the end of your foot."

De Silva is always smiling. He has an easy, relaxing manner as he explains capoeira, the Brazilian martial art that he teaches by the beach in Bondi. "Capoeira is based on tricks. It's like a cannibal who invites you to dinner, and you become the dinner."

De Silva smiles and says, "Say a couple of guys were to grab me. I'd say, 'I'm a gay' — he minces and winces, makes himself smaller and softer — 'oh no, please,' then — fuck!" — he explodes into movement — "I've already won. You control, you play. The devil is there but no one sees that."

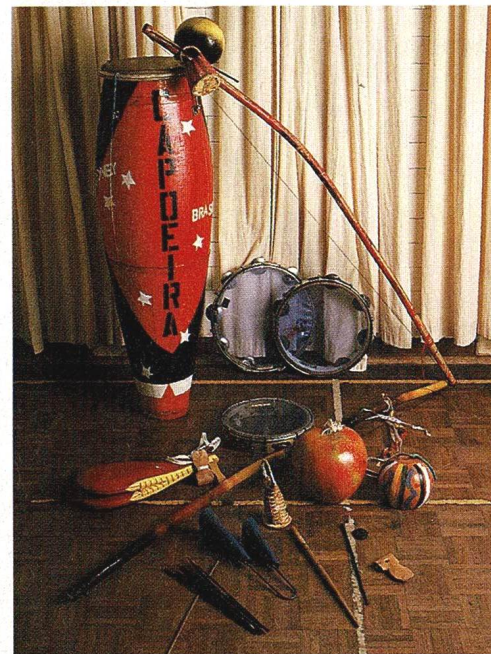
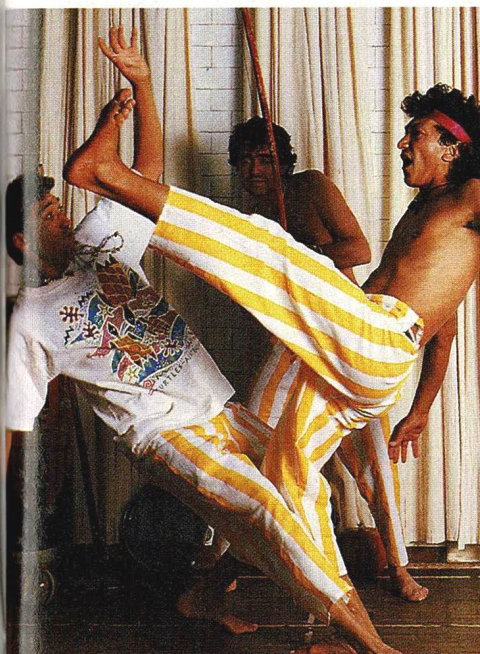
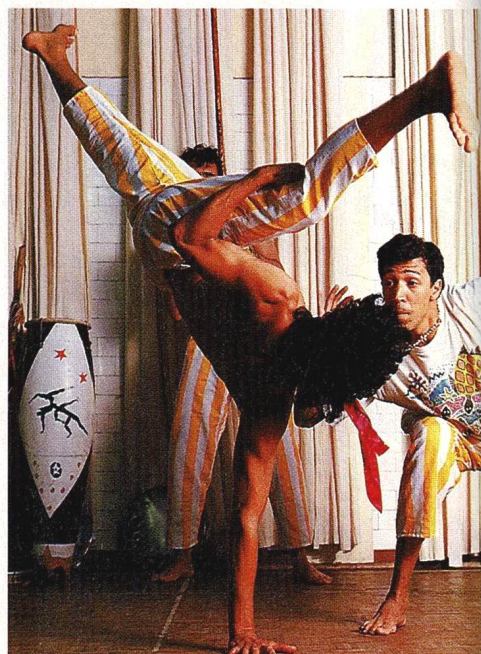
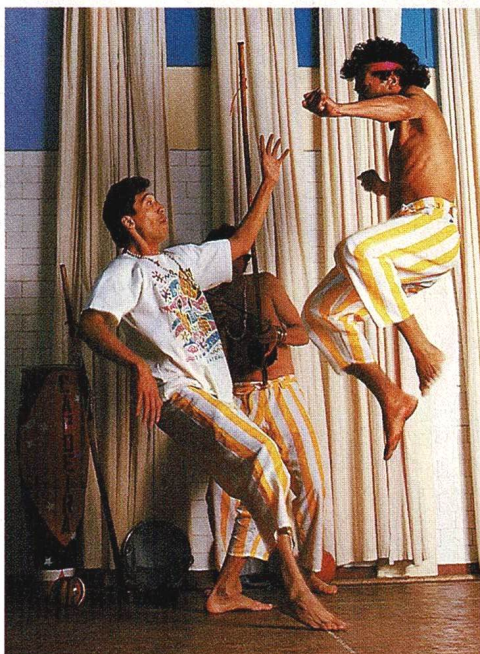
"You can use anything in Capoeira. It doesn't have any rules..."

Capoeira was developed by African slaves brought to Brazil in chains from the Portuguese colonies of Mozambique and Angola over 400 years ago.

It is a fighting system disguised as a dance, designed to be practiced in front of the people it was intended to overthrow. The labourers on the plantations were not permitted to fight but they, "took the music of voodoo rituals and slowly discovered that they were allowed to dance."

The bosses watched, smiling, approving, as the slaves danced, smiling, harmless, accepting their lot.

As soon as the overseers turned their backs, the Africans would change their steps into kicks and their hand movements into feints,



practising for the moment of rebellion.

Because the slaves were manacled, there are few blocks or hand techniques in capoeira. The emphasis is on kicks. The footwork employs leglocks to bring down and capture the opponent. Capoeira is acrobatic, with cartwheels, backflips, and handstands. Players move in a continuous natural motion, graceful, languid and dangerous like jungle animals.

Capoeiristas dance in circles, mirroring and evading their opponent. They can burst into spectacular techniques like the *Rabo de Arraia*, where the capoeirista performs a somersault to drive his heel into his enemy's head. "There is no part of the body you do not use in capoeira," says de Silva. Capoeira is the only traditional martial art system that teaches the headbutt.

Many of the slave revolts were successful. Escaped Africans formed autonomous jungle communities called *quilombos*, one of which, the Republic of Palmares, survived for more than 30 years in opposition to the State. Capoeiristas helped overthrow the monarchy, then worked as mercenaries for various factions during the transition to democracy.

Capoeira is now a recognised

sport in Brazil. There are competitions and a system of belts and gradings. "They have organised it and made it nice," says de Silva. "In this way, it loses its spontaneity."

"But in Brazil today still, when you say you do capoeira, you're baaad. You're not good."

"In the ritual developed by the slaves," continues de Silva, "there was a lot of hurt, a lot of pain. When you take your partner to dance, you're supposed to say, 'I'm taking you to dance, but that's not all we're going to do. We're going to do whatever the energy feels.'"

De Silva smiles. "You say, 'Look, I'm sorry if something really bad happens, but that's the way it's going to be, and that's why we've come anyway. Let's go.'"

"That's when the ritual works. You don't approach it in terms of 'I'm going to kick like that.' You have to improvise. In the jungle, you never know what's going to happen next."

De Silva, 32, was born in Manaus, "in the Amazon jungle, where anything can happen." From the age of 12, he began absorbing his art from travelling capoeiristas, who would busk and dance for money on the streets.

The essence of capoeira is as elusive as the capoeirista. Its most popular form is as the *jogo*, where



Photos by Geoff Howden

two fighters face each other in a circle called the *roda*, and spar in time to music played by the instructor on the *birumbau*, a single-string bow.

The music is as much a part of the capoeira as the kicks. The tunes played call the fighters' moves and the beat regulates their timing.

De Silva taught in Europe before introducing capoeira to Australia in 1987. Although he performed workshops for martial artists, he also touted his style as a form of "biodance", promoting balance, self-control, elasticity and awareness of your own body. "I had dancers martial artists, musicians and

acrobats coming to me," says de Silva.

"Capoeira fits anyhow and anything. Dancing and fighting, love and hate are together in capoeira. We say, 'let's have fun' and the fun exists, but there's the devil side."

"It works all your energy. The moves are quite primitive." De Silva thrusts his hips from a wide squat, shifting his weight from leg to leg in a parody of athletic sex.

"Capoeira means freedom, it describes release from oppression and injustice," de Silva explains. "The music gets you in a trance. It's like if you go to a party and have a joint and a drink, and the music is very good, it pulls you up. This is what capoeira does. You fight in a trance."

"You can use anything in Capoeira. It doesn't have any rules."

There is no "that's nice, that's not nice." De Silva is smiling, talking softly, shifting in his seat, watching me. He moves one fist across the other, opens his hands and jabs his fingers into my eyes.

"Everything is fine. A gun is the best capoeira." — Mark Dapin
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IN VESTED INTERESTS

Some good advice on investment advice

It's a relatively new game this investment advising. It sprung up when the Government abdicated its responsibility to its citizens in their old age.

Once, in the "bad" old days, the poor got a pension and did what they could on the side. And the rich, well, they had a few shares and an accountant to look after the avoidance of death duties.

Today, there are no death duties but everyone needs an accountant. The reason: assets test, income test, pre and post 1983 components, dividend imputation, and a dozen more polysyllabic concepts. Many of these rules change annually; their operations interact and they're

"Be wary of giving over management rights to your adviser..."

complex for even professionals to understand.

How can you expect a bloke who's just retired as a yardman for a hardware shop, and who's never even had a cheque account, to even begin to understand? Enter the investment adviser. As the rules became denser, investment products fancier and the Australian middle class and retirees richer, a few insurance salesmen saw a market which the accounting profession was passing up. That is, telling poor Joe Blow what the bloody hell to do with his money.

The first advisers were not much more than insurance salesmen. They'd get a bundle of prospectuses from a few fund managers, study up on a couple of tax breaks and start signing the punters up. The fund managers, charging five or six percent of the investment amount as an initial fee, would kick most of that initial fee back to the adviser.

Well, you don't have to be a Rhodes scholar to work out what happens. If my investment company — the Really Good Ethical Fund Ltd — only charges the investor three percent and gives the adviser a commission of two percent, and you — Big Bucks Trust — pay a commission of four percent, whom do you reckon the adviser will recommend?

In the mid-Eighties, the main advisory companies were making heaps.

Although the principal adviser had to be licensed and have, oh, I think it was \$50,000 security bond, there was no real educational qualification. If you could prove you'd been doing it for a while, you didn't have to prove you actually knew what you were doing.

About five years too late the banks woke up to the racket and realised their customer bases were ideal for such a service. So they pulled a few Johnnies from the tellers' windows, gave them a week's training, and viola — an advisory service. These services were flogging, in the main, the bank's products.

The links with banks or insurance companies need not be a bad thing — such groups do have some good products and, as far as advising on social security benefits and tax and so on, the advice can be impartial — but it's not really playing the game

properly, is it? Would you go to a doctor who only prescribed the drugs of a certain drug company?

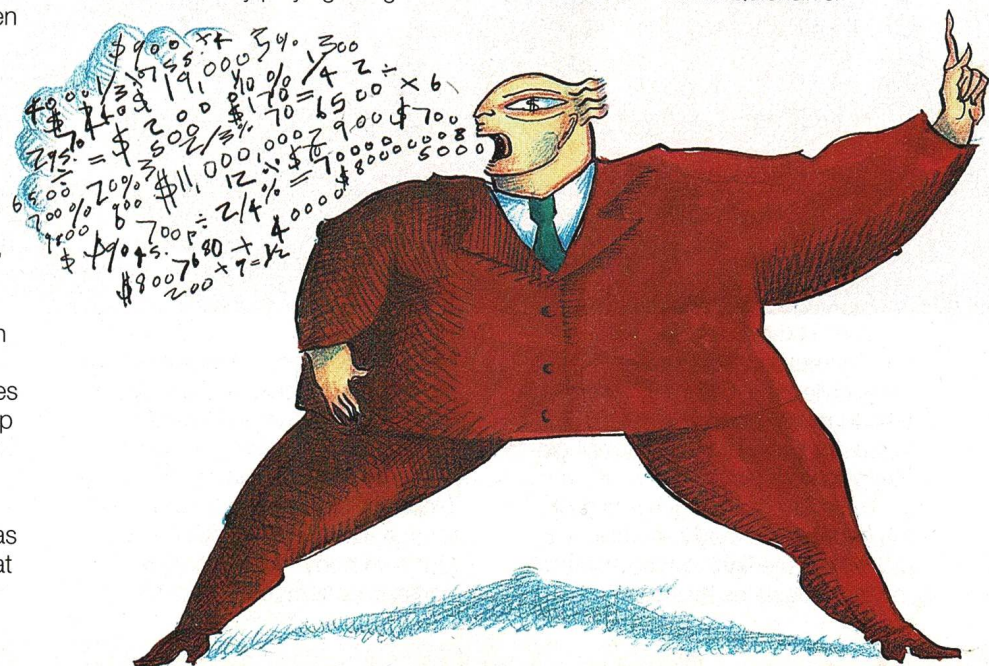
But are investment advisers any good? Some are. Money Link, now out of business, was sued for libel for advising its sub-licensees to get out of Estate Mortgage and stay out — well before Estate Mortgage went bust.

Many advisers are now rebating the commission to the client and operating on a fee for service basis, thereby improving the client's chance of getting unbiased advice.

The industry association is a little more active these days, although the industry is still largely self-regulated. And it is still a long way from developing the background of ethical principles of say the accountancy or legal professions.

Be wary of giving over management rights to your adviser. It could be that he — or you — may need to act quickly every now and again, but not if he's doing his job properly. A 70-year-old widow ought not to be investing in areas which can change overnight. Nor really, unless you know what you're doing, should you. If you know what you're doing, do it, and don't let the adviser do it. Unfortunately there is a need for advisers.

But let them advise and then do with it what you should do with all advice: get some more then make your own decision. — *David Quicksilver*

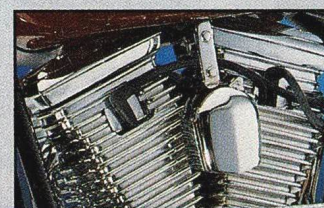


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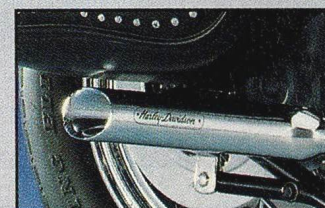


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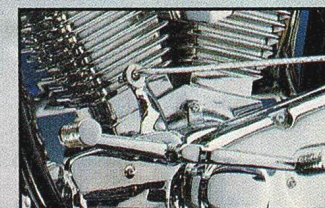


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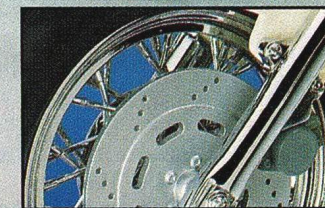
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SUBARU SUCCESS

The ugly duckling comes of age

Word-association test, 1973. Subaru: eccentric, Soob-are-what?, hardy, strange, solid, unorthodox, robust, homely, que?

Word-association test, 1993.

Subaru: class, quality, sound, exciting, value, smart, durable, stylish, rugged, racy, YES!

In two decades, Subaru has undergone an astonishing metamorphosis. The one-time niche manufacturer of funny little knock-kneed oddball passenger vehicles favoured by basket weavers and hobby farmers has miraculously evolved into an Australian motor industry luminary.

Today, Subaru is a major player with a polished up-market image and a range of products the envy of nearly everyone in the business. And the news here will only get better. While the Japanese car brand maintains its old lentil-growing clientele, it has broadened its buyer base spectacularly. Always rugged little beasts, Subarus continue in that vogue, winning the last two Australian Rally Championships. What really turned Subaru into the gilt-edged star act on this market was the arrival of Liberty, released here in October 1989.

Called the Legacy in all other markets, the four-cylinder Liberty has become the kick-arse, mid-sized import in Australia, rattling up 26,000 sales and winning more awards than *Gone With the Wind*. Sold in sedan and wagon forms, and with all-wheel drive or front drive, the Liberty struck a chord with Australians. It was a quality and value package at a time when consumers were worried about the economic downturn. Ten weeks after its launch, it was voted the runner-up to the Mazda MX-5 in the prestigious *Wheels* Car of the Year award.

In 1991 the Liberty won *Wheels'* inaugural Quality Ratings. Last year it finished a close second in the Quality Ratings, but comfortably won the NRMA's statistically-proper reliability survey.

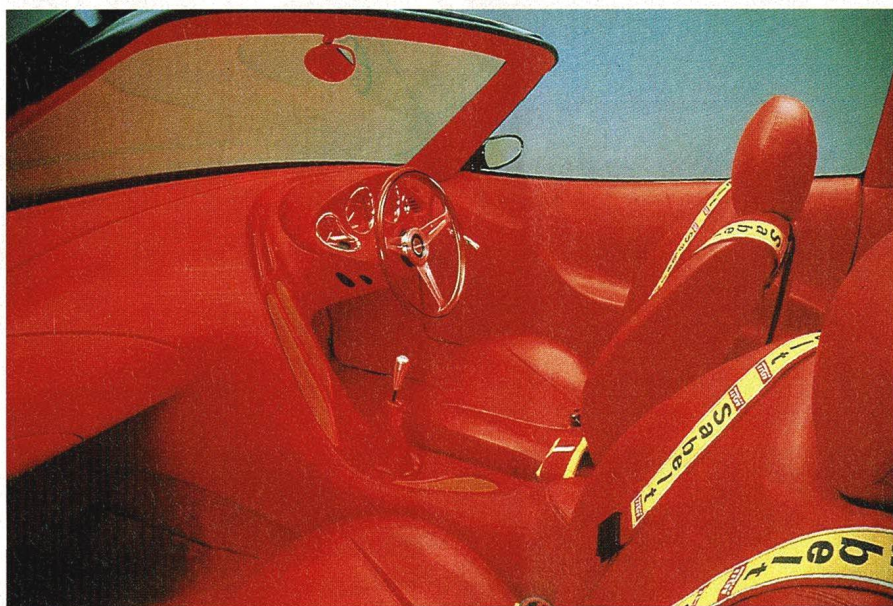
This regular industry kudos has kept the Liberty in the spotlight, allowing it to maintain sales momentum against fresher

competition. While the love affair between the Liberty and the Australian consumer has been enduring, the coming 12 months will be a true test of the four-year-old's staying power.

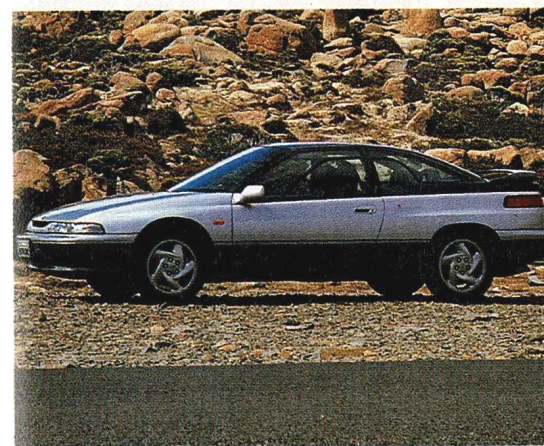
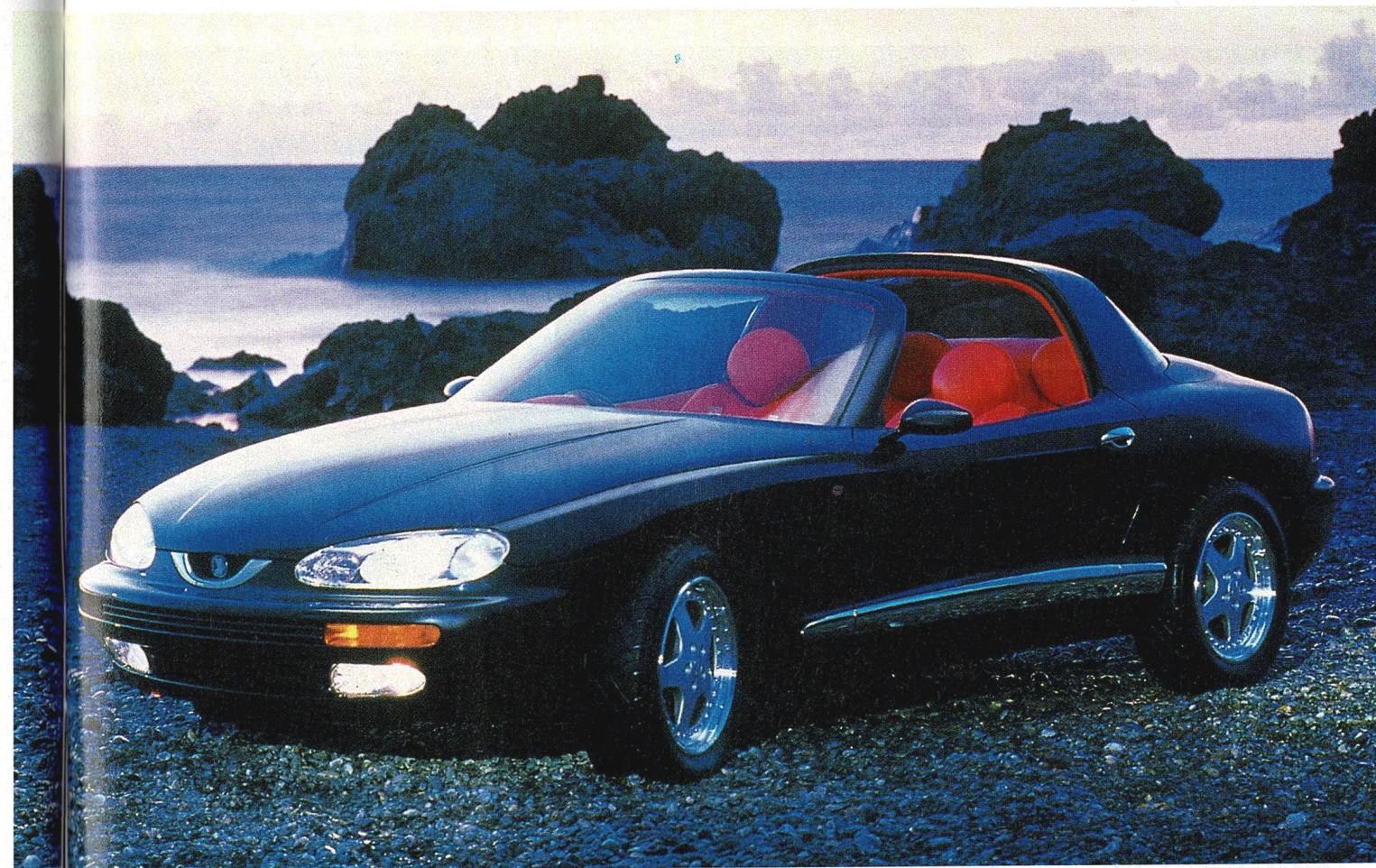
The potent version of the Liberty, the 147 kW turbocharged 2.0-litre RS, with constant four-wheel drive and anti-lock braking, is my own pick as the rev-head's family car of the

On most racetracks in Australia it will outrun the very quick RS Turbo. I know: I've checked. While it's no quicker than its turbo brother in a straight line, the SVX is amazingly competent into, through, and out of corners. Grip? You bet. And its abundance of torque is a revelation.

On the road, the SVX is deceptively fast despite its 1600 kilo bulk. It



is probably really as good as former tennis great and car-buff John Alexander says it is. The SVX has sure impressed someone at the NRMA. Last year Australia's largest motoring organisation pronounced the SVX the best sports car over \$46,000.



Clockwise from far left: Sporty interior of the Rioma; The Rioma Roadster's sleek exterior; Subaru's SVX, the best sports car over \$46,000; The Son of Liberty sedan; and the Son of Liberty wagon

Subaru's growing stature was emphasised at the last Tokyo Motor Show when two concept cars, the sporty dual-fuel Rioma roadster and the SVX-based Amadeus luxury sports wagon, staggered the tyre kickers. Very soon, Subaru Australia will introduce Son of Liberty, a new mode to be previewed at the coming Melbourne Motor Show.

Offered as a sedan and wagon, in both front drive and all-wheel drive, the new car, codenamed 55N, will come with a range of engines with the possibility of a 2.0-litre turbo in the catalogue. The spacious and stylish new small Subaru will tackle

the likes of the Honda Civic, Mitsubishi Lancer and Mazda 323.

This year, playing with the truth just a bit, importer TKM Automotive celebrates Subaru's 20th anniversary in Australia. Certainly, the first serious attempt to get the marque established here came in 1973, with the launch of the L-series model. But there had been two earlier less-distinguished shots at convincing Australians they should put their faith in Subaru.

Between 1960 and '62, a Ballarat motor trader named Frank O'Brien imported the 360-model micro-car, which had a fire-breathing 423cc twin-cylinder, two-stroke engine and was flat strap at 100 km/h. Downhill. Aussies hardly went berserk over the diminutive 360, and O'Brien lost interest.

The next Subaru to reach Australia was its FF-1, better known

Continued on page 128

THE EMPIRE STRIKES BACK

British road bikes make a triumphant return

When the film *The Wild One* hit the screens in 1955 it caused a sensation. It burned the collective image of motorcycles, sex and rebellion into the community's psyche so deep that even now the image keeps recurring in films and television ads. Witness Tom Cruise in *Top Gun* speeding on his high-powered motorcycle after a reluctant but increasingly lustful Kelly McGillis; or the ad in which a Harley-mounted Sir Galahad charges up to the altar to rescue the sexy young thing from marriage to the slaving dork.

The Wild One starred Marlon Brando in his prime as Johnny Stradler, leader of the Black Rebels motorcycle gang. Someone asked him, "What are you rebelling against?"

"Whaddaya got?" came Johnny's reply. Marlon falls for a small town waitress trapped in the stifling and boring conventions of her community. She longs to escape and to her, Johnny and his motorcycle represent freedom and

"Triumph was always first and foremost a road bike . . ."

excitement.

The point of all this is that although the film is an icon of American culture, the motorcycle which starred alongside Brando was British. Johnny's bike was a Triumph Thunderbird made in Coventry, England and designed by a venerable character named Edward Turner.

In the Fifties, unlike today, if you wanted the biggest, fastest, hardest-edged road bike around, you bought a British Triumph, Norton, BSA or Matchless. These were the brands that more than any other



encapsulated the freedom of the open road and the rebellious spirit that drove you there.

Sadly, these brands have faded gradually under the pressure of Japanese competition and have all but disappeared from the roads. Triumph hung on longest but, by the late Seventies, it too looked destined to become just another classic British bike to be restored and remembered by vintage motorcycle enthusiasts.

But now, almost 30 years after its heyday, Triumph is back. The once legendary brand has been born again courtesy of a little-known and publicity-shy entrepreneur by the name of John Bloor.

Bloor bought the remains of the old Triumph company in 1983 and put together a group of young engineers who spent seven years designing a new range of modern motorcycles to take up the mantle dropped by the old Triumph name; a name with a motorcycling history going back to the turn of the century.

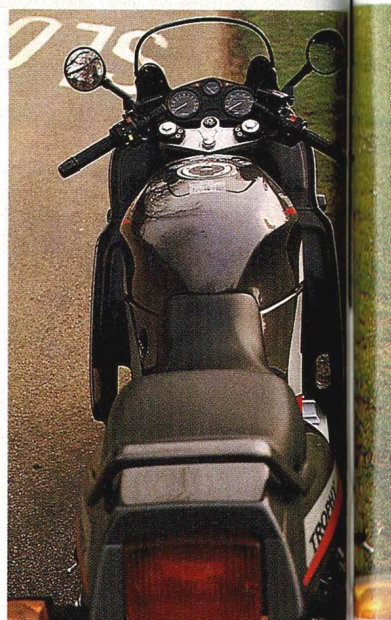
Bloor, who is not a motorcyclist himself, provided the drive and the money for the revival of Triumph.

When the new Triumphs were launched onto the British market in

1991, the big question was how could they possibly compete in an already overcrowded market dominated by the all-conquering Japanese? If their design formula harked back to the old models, they would risk losing hopelessly. If they were even remotely out of date, no amount of nostalgic appeal could lead to a sales success.

On the other hand, if they adopted the formula used for the current best-selling Japanese models, they couldn't hope to match prices.

After riding one of Triumph's new models, the Trophy 900, around the back roads of the English countryside, I have come to the conclusion that they have taken a mix of variables from both these formulae.



Photos by Hoagy Van Ewyk



They have copied the basic configuration of modern large-capacity Japanese bikes while trying to keep, not so much the nostalgia of the Triumph name, but the spirit that went with it in the Fifties.

Explaining the first part of this approach is easy. The technical make-up of the Trophy 900 is pure Japanese — modern, heavy-duty,

superbike specifications. The engine is an all-alloy, water-cooled unit, with multiple cylinders in-line across the frame which is made from high-tensile, tubular steel. Its main component is a massive tubular spine which runs from the steering headstock to the aluminium swingarm carrying the rear wheel. The Trophy 900 doesn't have a



single technical characteristic in common with the old Triumphs.

How is it possible, then, to say that this new bike echoes the Triumphs of old? The answer is in the look and feel. Although the bike follows modern styling trends, it has a distinctive sculptured and slightly honed look. The engine has three cylinders in the relatively long-stroke pistons which bias performance towards torque, or pulling power, rather than outright horsepower.

It is no slouch in terms of terminal velocity (its 100bhp and 230kph top speed testify to that) but it delivers most of its punch in the mid-range.

Triumph was always first and foremost a road bike — not a bike for commuting or touring or doing Mick Doohan impersonations — but a bike to jump on and head down the highway.

The appeal of a genuine road bike has something more as well, and this is what *The Wild One* was all about. This something was about coming to terms with life's ambivalences; the sort that come from being forced to do one thing and wanting to do another. Like being forced to commute to work when you would rather be travelling the open road.

What the Triumph of the Fifties had was the promise of a release from all this. As Johnny Stradler put it in classic Fifties hip, "Weekends we just take off man, don't matter where we go, we just leave all that cornball stuff behind." — Onno van Ewyk

Nikon makes turning pro a more affordable proposition with the F90 which is a reflex camera for the serious shooter. It's equipped with a sophisticated three-dimensional exposure metering system, which is able to isolate the subject from the background. Wide-angle auto-focusing, a 1/8000 second shutter and host of exposure control facilities make it hard to miss with the F90. In concert with the SB-25 flash gun, it turns sophisticated flash photography techniques into push-button simplicity. Around \$2450 buys the camera with a 28-70mm zoom (add \$650 for the flash).



Designed to be left on the shelf, the Celestion 1 loudspeakers bring the best of British to the "small box" market. Despite their compact size and price tag, Celestion's bookshelf speakers employ the components and configuration to deliver a big sound. Key design elements are a 25mm titanium dome tweeter, 105mm fibre-cone mid/bass unit and a ported cabinet. The result is a strong bass, detailed mid-range and crisp, clean treble. The Celestion 1 can handle up to 50 watts of power. There's a dollar change out of \$500 for the pair. More details from Amber Technology.



The latest gadget for the home with everything is the video printer which produces hard copies (translation: prints) from video inputs — TV, camera or VCR. Panasonic's NV-MP1 is capable of reproducing 17 million colours in 256 gradations which translates into pretty crisp and colourful images. One, four, nine, 16 or 25 frames can be printed on one sheet and there's a variety of digital effects including strobe (for action sequences) and zoom (up to four times). The MP1 takes just under two minutes to produce a video print and can produce up to nine in continuous mode. Expect to pay around \$3300 for the latest in home entertainment components.



If you have \$5499 to spare, then TEAC is interested in selling you a compact disc player. Mind you, it's not any old CD machine, but rather the Esoteric X-1 which is equipped with every facility possible to deliver the very best from the digital audio medium. This includes elaborate disc damping measures, four 20-bit digital-to-analog converters (the latest thinking in high-quality signal processing) and eight times over-sampling filters. For those in the know, vital statistics such as an S/N ratio of 112 dB and 0.4 dB resolution indicate the X-1 is a cut above the common-or-garden player.

From the why-didn't-somebody-think-of-it-before department comes Leica's space-age Geovid binoculars, which incorporate distance and direction readings in the viewfinder. A built-in infra-red rangefinder is able to measure the target distance over a 25 to 1500 metre range and is accurate to 100 centimetres. Compass directions are generated by magnetic field sensors which can even compensate for the angle at which the 7x42 Geovid binoculars are held and are accurate to just half a degree. Information is displayed via an LED read-out which is visible in low light conditions. More details from Adeal Pty Ltd.



The eyes have it with Canon's new EOS 5 which features the latest in 35mm reflex camera technology. The auto-focusing is eye-controlled so wherever you look that's where the camera focuses so the desired subject is always sharp. Exposure control is based on a 16-zone metering system which ensures accuracy even in the most difficult lighting. Basically a semi-professional model, the EOS 5 also has a built-in automatic flash, a motor drive capable of rattling off five frames per second and a 1/8000 second shutter. Price complete with a long-range 28-105mm zoom is \$2399.



For those interested in grunt of a musical kind, the Acurus DIA-100 direct input stereo amplifier delivers 100 watts per channel. The interesting aspect of the DIA-100 is that it allows audio sources (CD player, etc) to be connected directly to the power stage which permits more efficient use of its available output. In other words, you can have your music loud and clear. The Acurus amp utilises high-quality components throughout — all contacts are gold or silver plated — and it offers a total of six inputs. Kedcorp is the Australian distributor and the price tag reads "\$2395."



FRONT sounds review

Second time out Williams
hits his mark.

New Zealand singer Mark Williams was scraping the front of his house when he got a call informing him CBS had cancelled his recording contract.

After a *Que Sera Sera* shrug he went back to his scraping. As a testament to his resilient addiction to singing, the house remains unpainted.

After his initial success as a teenager in New Zealand in the late Seventies, Williams was drawn to the bigger pond by his A&R records man who came to Australia for an unfortunately short association with CBS.

Momentarily down but not out, Williams established himself as a voice for hire. As a session singer his voice graced the sales pitches of innumerable products. In his second association with CBS, *Boy Rocking* was released to a unresponsive public in 1985.

In the late Eighties his live appearances were limited to some revues like "Motown Story" with Doug Parkinson, "Boogie Fever" at Sydney's Kinselas and "Soul" with Marcia Hines and Tina Arena at Brisbane's Expo.

It was at one of the Sydney shows that he came to the attention of those local production maestros Harry Vanda and George Young who were looking for a voice to front a current brace of songs they were ready to run with. They recorded on a trial basis while Williams was simultaneously touring with Ian

Moss.

After being a bit of a sleeper, the single "Show No Mercy" went on to be one of the top five selling Australian records of 1990.

Williams hit the road in a big way from late '90 through early '91. Among the industry, the venture was a popular success. But the irony is that despite his gruelling schedule, the public is still more aware of the song than the singer, which is evidenced by the lacklustre performance of subsequent releases off the album.

Still, its success has meant more freedom in the recording of his follow up album *Mind Over Matter* (Sony). This marks his third and most successful association with that recording

"Williams established himself as a voice for hire..."

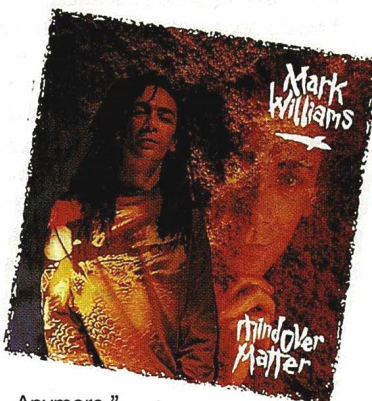
mogul, Alberts. Alberts have recently been shopping their catalogue to the rest of the world pushing Williams and the soundtrack to *Strictly Ballroom*. It also features Williams dueting with one of the film's leads, Tara Morice.

Potential cinema release overseas for that clip could help to alleviate the live slog that he endured locally. He is currently pushing the single "We Can Dream" for all its worth as he doesn't want to be known simply as the voice of "Show No Mercy."

The new album marks a return to writing after a six year hiatus. While touring he managed to demo "Love Into My Fire" with the band which pleasantly surprised Vanda and Young. This spurred him on to a writing binge at tour's end and the new disc contains five of theirs and six of his.

V&Y's editing and arranging acumen results in a homogeneous blend that covers a few stylistic bases with the production stripped back a bit to allow the focus to centre on Williams essential energy and vocal prowess.

V&Y contribute the more obvious single fodder from the soppy "Slow Dance" and the cinematic boogie of "My World (is out on the street tonight)" to the optimistic "We Can Dream". Williams has some strong funky soul workouts but also delivers the brooding, big-sing ballad of "I Can't Help You



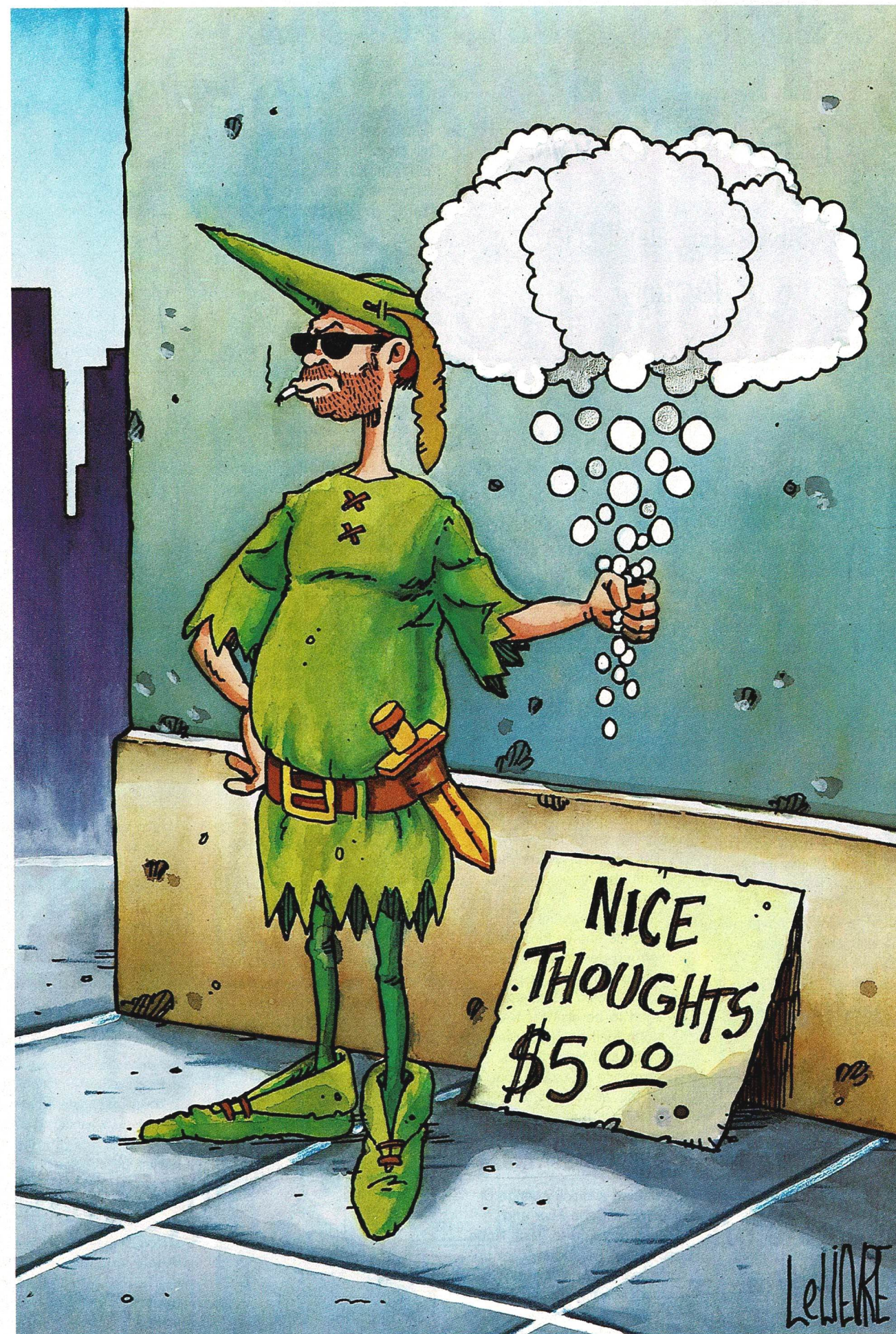
Any more."

Despite his assertion that, "as the world gets deeper into recession, it's the one hit wonders that made an impact," Williams has chosen a more stoically tuneful path having long left behind his self-proclaimed "drag queen" glam rock days.

He can now be quite philosophical about not getting the role of Judas that Jon Stevens shone with in *Jesus Christ Superstar*.

He's currently on a different path. "People these days are more accepting of a show with the raw energy of rock bands but with a slicker sense of rhythm." Williams rightly has the confidence in his power as a singer, performer and burgeoning writer to deliver these goods. —

Jeremy Cook



FRONT film review

Spike Lee and the X factor

John Malkovich makes a return to the screen as Lennie Small, the feeble-minded companion to George Milton (Gary Sinise) in **Of Mice And Men**. It's the story of two men who, living during the great depression, have been deprived of dignity and hope. Their unique friendship is borne out of a shared dream of one day owning their own property — a dream which brings them to the Tyler Ranch.

There they meet Candy, played by Ray Walston and the intimidating but slightly over-acted Curly (Casey Siemaszko), the boss' son who suffers from a classic case of short-man syndrome.

Based on the Pulitzer and Nobel prize winning novel by John Steinbeck, this is a simple tale of a world

"Like Pesci himself, Bernstein has an eye for the underside of life and the soul of an artist..."



excluded from the great American dream.

Sinise not only stars but also co-produced and directed, effortlessly proving his versatility. But it is Sherilyn Fenn's portrayal of Curly's beautiful but tragic wife that steals the show.

Sinise's theatrical experience shows through in his strong performance as Milton, but the film has moments when his attention seemed to be elsewhere.

John Malkovich puts in a stunning and sympathetic performance as Lennie, but leads the viewer into a feeling of senseless frustration at his character's habitual failure. A well-paced classic.***

Setting a quick change of pace from *Cape Fear* and *Thelma and Louise*, Nick Nolte and Susan Sarandon team up for a tear-jerker that Hollywood insiders are tipping will be the Oscar hit of the year.

Lorenzo's Oil (a catchy title, that) is the true story of Augusto and Michaela Odone

(Nolte and Sarandon) who face impossible odds when doctors tell them their son is dying.

Susan Sarandon, still best-remembered as the original Janet Weiss in *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*, is brilliant, bringing a sympathy to her role that should dampen many a hankie.

Written and directed by George Miller and co-written by Nick Enright, *Lorenzo's Oil* is well worth seeing.***

Joe Pesci, best known for his amazing variety of applications for a certain four-letter word, keeps in character for producer Robert Zemeckis' film noir piece **The Public Eye**.

Pesci, an actor who has carved his own niche in Hollywood, stars as Leon 'Berny' Bernstein, a tabloid photographer.

Dubbed The Great Bernzini for his uncanny ability to arrive first on the scene of murders and fires, Bernstein's single-minded devotion to getting the "right picture" and his unsuccessful attempts to have his work recognised as art, leave him an emotionally isolated loner. Enter the woman.

Barbara Hershey co-stars with a strong performance as the seemingly vulnerable but unattainable object of Bernstein's love, Kay Levitz.

The Public Eye is a pacey black comedy with a lean dose of drama and the chemical mix of two good performers. Guaranteed to leave you with a smile and a tear. ***



Malcolm X

"Controversial" is tacked on to so many film titles these days it's almost become a new genre. Right behind *JFK* and *Romper Stomper* comes *Malcolm X*, a "controversial" new film from Spike Lee.

Running over three hours, the epic chronicles the life of one of America's most celebrated black rights activists from his birth as Malcolm Little in Omaha, Nebraska, in 1925, through his battle to become a lawyer — a job described as "no realistic goal for a nigger."

Flashing from his youth to his introduction to cocaine, whores, jazz and crime in Boston and New York, the film moves on to his time in jail, probably the most formative of his life, where he was converted to the Islamic faith.

Starring Denzel Washington as the black icon, Malcolm X was released in the United States — coincidentally director Spike Lee claims — during last November's presidential elections.

But even before its release, it came under a barrage of attacks from critics accusing it of copying Oliver Stone's *JFK* and delivering more a fictional drama than an accurate portrayal of history.

Regardless of whether it's a true or false telling of Malcolm X's rise to power, the film is certainly a powerful and stunning piece of cinema that will undoubtedly provoke much debate over the racial problems in black-and-white America.

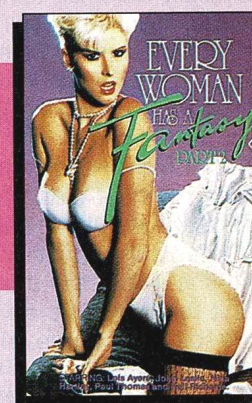
Denzel Washington tackles the task of bringing the man behind the legend to the screen with some difficulty, but he seems to have successfully married the many aspects of Malcolm X — a man with his simple rural beginnings, who graduated into hustling in Harlem and later became known as "Satan" in prison before converting to Islam. Compelling but take a cut lunch.***

NEW YEAR
SAVINGS

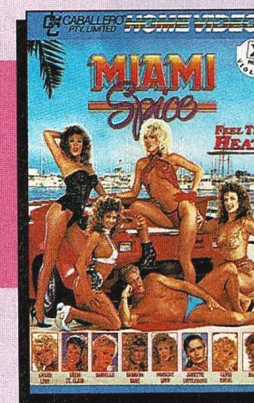
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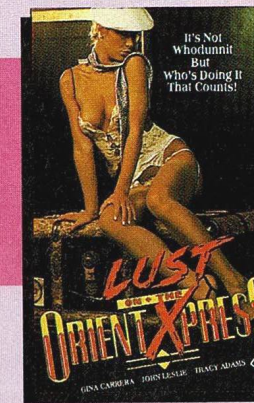
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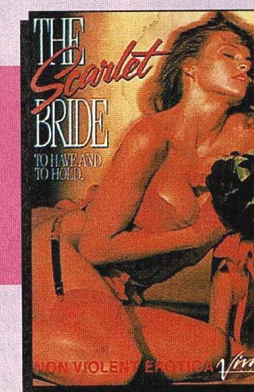
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advisor

Candid counsel on everything you wanted to know about sex but couldn't find anyone to ask

Anal angst

Please help. My boyfriend and I were having sex on the lounge at my parents' place while nobody was at home and got caught in the act by my older sister, who was paying mum and dad a visit. We didn't stop what we were doing as my sister made it quite clear not to let her interrupt anything and to continue as though she was not there. I don't think we could have stopped in any event as we had progressed well into intercourse. I had no objections as this would be the first time I had ever done this in front of her. We did our usual things: my boyfriend's tongue and cock went in and out, to and fro and back and forth between my mouth, cunt and arse. My boyfriend especially likes to French kiss me after I have had his cock in my mouth, and never thinks twice about licking my cunt or arse after his cock's been there as well. I was completely dumbfounded when my sister said what we were doing was "dirty."

Nobody seems to discuss anal sex at all in my circle of friends. Please tell me if what we are doing is unhealthy or unhygienic, as I am concerned about the effects that may arise later on.

Forget about your friends or your sister. Good sex is where you find it. There are so many people out there who are unhappy with their sex lives, that if you are enjoying good and interesting sex, you must be doing something right. Anal sex between male and female is a more common practice than many people would like to admit. If you enjoy it, as many women do, then the next step is to make sure you do it safely. To protect both yourself and your boyfriend from contracting HIV or Hepatitis B, you should use a condom and a water-based



lubricant such as Wetstuff or K-Y jelly. Not only do you stop the spread of possible diseases, but when you want to suck your boyfriend's cock after fucking, you can take the condom off and fellate a clean penis. There are doctors who say a man's penis should be thoroughly cleaned after anal sex and before vaginal sex to stop transferral of faecal bacteria to the vagina. This means your boyfriend should use a new condom between going from your bum to your vagina. Sorry if this has ruined your fun, but it's important to realise that good sex can also be safe. Enjoy.

The horn and the dilemma

I have a rather unusual problem. Ten months ago I attended a party with my very attractive 19-year-old girlfriend. She is an extrovert who flirts outrageously, but never fooled around — or so I thought.

After I'd knocked back a few coldies in the garage with the main body of the party, I went outside for a moonlight piss. I made my way out into the suburban garden and stood behind a bush. Then, just as I was about to irrigate the azaleas, I saw my girlfriend and a bloke walk out into the hot Queensland night. I froze. No sooner were they behind the garden shed, when they started to kiss passionately. I was livid. I felt like jumping out and punching the cunt's lights out. But I

couldn't move. I was frozen with anger, and — much to my surprise — burning lust.

After they'd kissed for a bit, he hiked her skirt up and fucked her from behind, right there, not ten feet away from me. And I didn't move.

I was angry, jealous and very hurt but mostly extremely turned on. I actually wanked myself in about two strokes while watching them pump away and it was one of the most intense orgasms I've ever had.

Later that night I confronted my girlfriend without telling her that I'd actually seen her getting fucked. She finally admitted it and said she was really drunk and didn't really want to do it. (Hard to believe since she sucked him off as well.)

Firstly, is wanting to watch my girlfriend get fucked by another man weird? If so, what can I do? If not, I want to ask her to fuck somebody else while I watch, but I think she'll think I'm a deviate and leave me. What should I do?

What should you do about what? The issue that you seem to have overlooked is the fact that your loved one lied to you. You asked her about this other man until she "finally admitted it." Then she says she didn't want to do it, but you saw her giving the guy head. If this dishonesty doesn't worry you, then it's hard to see why you would have a problem with asking her to fuck other men while you watch. The question of whether it's strange to be turned on by seeing another man having sex with your girlfriend is quite irrelevant. In your case you were turned on and that's that. If your girlfriend is comfortable screwing other men in the bushes while you're meant to be inside at the party, then I don't see that she'll be angry if you ask to watch.

Modern women

I am a 24-year-old university student who is having real trouble with women. My problem is that in this age of feminism, I am not really sure how to treat the girls I go out with. If I fawn over them and open car doors, bring flowers and insist on shielding them from the wind as we walk along, they sometimes turn around and say that they are quite capa-

ble of walking down a street or opening a door themselves. Basically, some types of practical feminism do not let me be a gentleman. What are my options? Surely being an inconsiderate buddy is not what romance is all about? If I wanted camaraderie, I could go out with my mates. Whatever happened to wining, dining and wooing. Is there a middle ground here?

You're not the first bloke to seek advice on this problem. The first point to consider is this: since when did a square peg fit a round hole? If you associate romance with opening car doors and you show affection with flowers, then there is nothing intrinsically wrong with this. There are as many women who enjoy an "old fashion" approach to romance as there are men like you. The trick is to find one. Your dilemma could also be a blessing in disguise. A woman who gets prickly about insignificant things like opening a car door is likely to be troublesome about many more trifling matters. Is there a middle ground? Forget it! Murphy's Law says that if you changed your style to being a "buddy" with women, they'd complain about that too. Be comfortable with yourself and the rest will follow.

Smart sex

I have been a recreational cocaine user for some seven months. It has not effected my life financially or emotionally. I am in an extremely well-paid job and confine its use only to weekends. Cocaine has, however, effected my sex life dramatically. My long-time girlfriend and I are unable to have sex without the use of toot.

Now I know the simple answer is stop using. But please do not give me that reply. My girlfriend and I will continue to use coke with sex. So what I need is to find a solution for exciting and equally stimulating sex during the week; and reserve coke for the weekends. I have read about something called smart drugs? Would these be as good as coke? Where can I get them?

Well, here it is, the reply you didn't want to hear. Stop using. Sex is a natural experience, not a narcotic one. Not much is known about the long-term effects regarding smart drugs, but if you

insist on trying them, this is what we know. The particular drugs you should be looking for are available on prescription through your GP. The most expensive and the best, is Vasopressin. It heightens sexuality and will cost you almost \$200 a bottle in Australia. Bromocriptine and Deprenyl are smart drugs that are sometimes referred to as "love drugs" because they increase

very scared to make a first move. We've been seeing each other for two months now and we've done no more than kiss and cuddle. Naturally I'd like to progress on to a sexual relationship but I'm scared that if I do make an advance she'll get angry and upset and I will have messed up a really good thing. There are supposed to be signs to look for when a woman is ready for sexual contact. If



chemicals in the brain that account for libido. These must be prescribed. Piracetam is another horniness smart drug, but it is not available for sale in Australia so it must be imported with a prescription for no more than a 90-day supply. Most doctors who agree to subscribe these pharmaceuticals for "non-medical" reasons, will insist on giving you regular check-ups. At any rate, if you are augmenting your sex life with cocaine a check-up is advisable. And, like it or not, the doctor's advice will be the same as ours: forget about the toot and concentrate on fucking. After all, sex is a natural high, and somewhat cheaper.

First Moves

I'm a pretty shy type of guy and I've got a problem that is really bothering me. I've had a number of fumbling sexual encounters in the past; but now that I've been dating a girl who I really like, I'm

these signs do exist, what are they? I'd love to be able to talk to her about it, but the nature of my problem just increases my natural shyness. Any suggestions?

Why talk about it? Talk just complicates something as natural and enjoyable as sex. You should be actually doing something. Remember, women are not creatures from another planet — they have desires and wants and fears, just as you do. And yes, they give signs. The first sign to look for is whether she likes kissing and cuddling. Women generally like this type of affection more than men. If you are doing this already, and she's coming back for more, then you've already jumped the hardest hurdle. The rest should be easy. Just have a go at kissing her breasts or feeling her vagina. If she likes it, then lucky you. If she doesn't, then at least you know where you stand.

"Why go out to a crowded disco with your lover?," she purrs. "When you can create your own paradise at home."

Becky says that she likes to live for the moment and that if she's playing the vamp, she wants her lover to be able to respond immediately without having to wait until they are home.

Becky does venture out regularly to the gym however, and does a variety of different sports to keep her fabulous body in shape.

She can often be found slamming volleys on a tennis court and she says that with a basketball in her hand she can sink a three-pointer like you wouldn't believe.

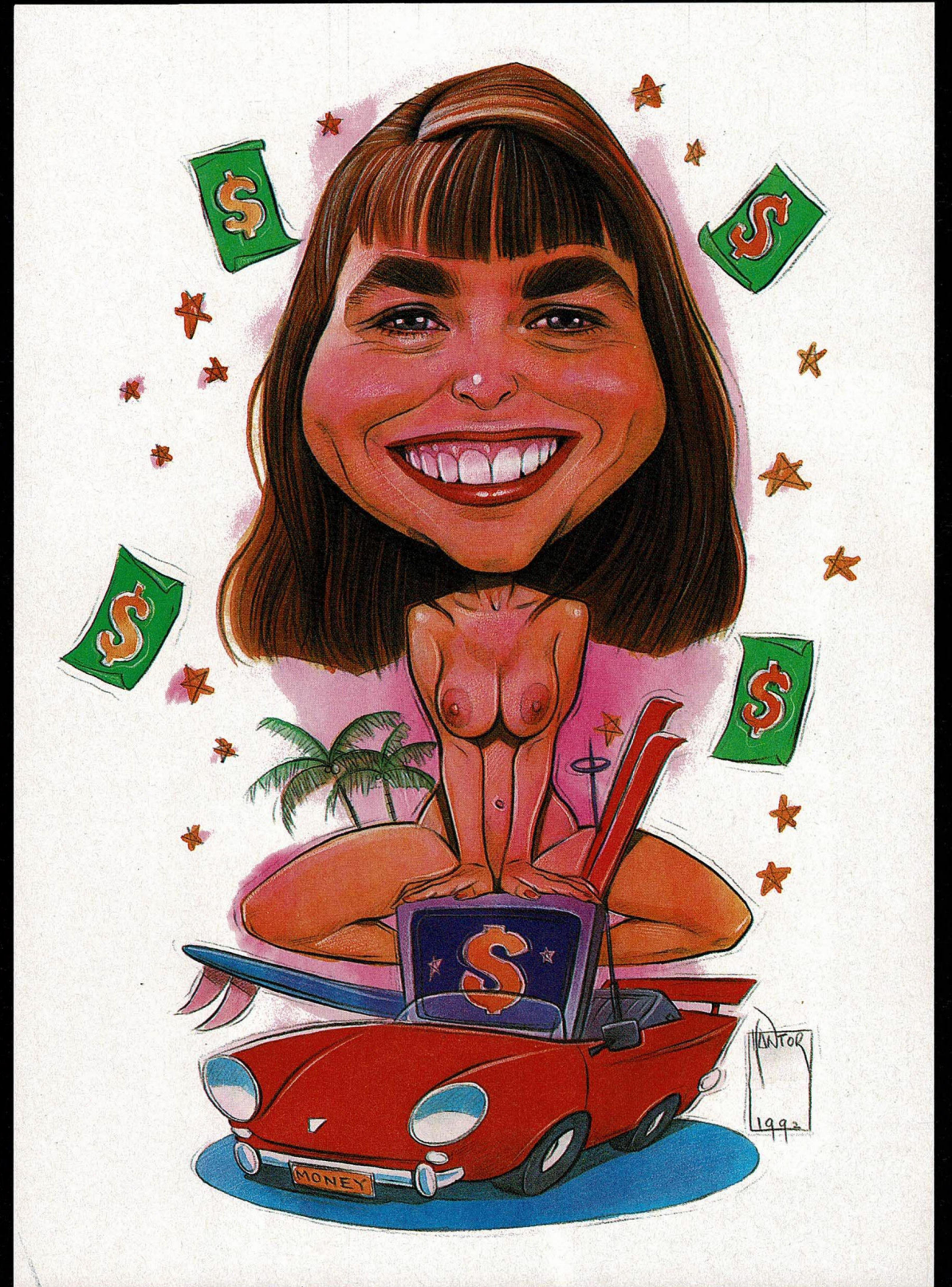








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STORY BY PAUL B. KIDD

Who Shot Mr Rent-A-Kill?

In Sydney's underworld in 1985, it was open season on Christopher Dale Flannery

May 9, 1985. At apartment 1401 of the exclusive Connaught building overlooking Sydney's Hyde Park, Christopher Dale Flannery slipped into a designer-label track suit and tucked a loaded .38 pistol into his belt. It was 8am. In his leather bag he had a false passport in the name of Christopher James and \$40,000. Mr "Rent-a-Kill" was leaving town.

Things had got too hot, even for Australia's prince of hit-men. The warring factions of Sydney's crime syndicates had combined to put out a \$100,000 contract on Flannery's scalp. Flannery had decided that he would rather leave Sydney on a plane than in a black zip-up rubber bag.

He had good cause to be concerned for his life. Four months earlier Flannery and his

Photos courtesy of The Sydney Morning Herald

Rent-A-Kill

family had been lucky to escape after being sprayed with machine-gun fire at the front of their home.

Now that the big money was on offer, the cream of the bounty hunters would come out of the shadows looking for a quick earn.

As the wind whistled down Oxford St on that nippy May morning, it was Flannery's intention to drive his car to the airport, fly to Melbourne and then take a vacation overseas until things cooled off.

Chris Flannery had been instructed to attend a meeting that morning at the southern Sydney mansion of his old employer, George Freeman, for whom he had worked briefly as a bodyguard. The meeting was supposedly to discuss the upheaval in gangland and to tell Flannery to stop shooting people in public places.

Flannery believed that his old boss was one of the men behind the contract on him and that if he went to Freeman's house he wouldn't leave alive.

When his car wouldn't start in the Connaught's car park, he returned the keys to his wife and walked down Wentworth Avenue into Lyons Lane where he hailed a cab to take him to the airport. From there, Christopher Dale Flannery vanished.

Flannery's wife reported him missing that afternoon and told police he was supposed to be visiting Freeman. The following day police searched George Freeman's home. They found nothing.

Few people were sorry that the hit-man had gone missing, presumed dead. When asked in 1987 if he thought that Flannery was dead, George Freeman replied: "I hope so your honour, because if he isn't, nobody is safe."

Flannery's fearsome reputation was justified. At the time of his disappearance he was suspected of being involved in up to 14 murders since the mid-Seventies. There's still a warrant out for his arrest for the shooting of undercover cop, Michael Patrick Drury. Miraculously, Drury lived to point the finger at Flannery and the man who hired him.

Flannery was always going to be a gangster. Born in Brunswick, Victoria, in February 1949, he never knew his father who divorced his badly battered mother when Chris was just 14-months-old. He was street-wise at 12 and was an accomplished car thief and house burglar before he was 14.

By 16, Flannery had been convicted of assaulting police and possessing firearms. By 22, he had served four years for rape, and had convictions for carnal knowledge. At 25, Flannery had done more time for armed hold-ups but it wasn't until the notorious disappearance of Melbourne businessman, Roger Wilson, in 1980, that Flannery's talents

as a professional killer captured the public's attention.

By now it was legend that Flannery served drinks at his parties from an ice-filled coffin and that his "Bible" was a blue, hard cover, medical textbook devoted to the study of gunshot wounds.

The Wilson trial embellished the legend. In Victoria's longest ever murder trial, it was alleged that Flannery and another assassin were hired by a businessman to kill Wilson for \$35,000. It was further alleged that the two gunmen posed as detectives and waylaid Mr Wilson as he drove his Porsche along the Princess Highway.

His killers dragged the handcuffed Wilson to his pre-dug grave where Flannery allegedly shot him in the head. But Wilson didn't die. According to police informers, Wilson ran off, his head bleeding profusely, with Flannery blazing away in hot pursuit.

The Crown alleged that when the wounded Mr Wilson ran into a fence and Flannery caught up with him, the hit-man went berserk. He reloaded his gun and emptied the contents into Roger Wilson as he begged for his life. Wilson's body was never found.

Flannery, along with three others including his wife, were charged with the murder of Roger Anthony Wilson. Key witness for the prosecution, Debra Boundy, disappeared without trace before the trial. With no body, no witness, no murder weapon and Flannery maintaining that he was having dinner with his mother at the time of the murder, all four were acquitted in October 1981.

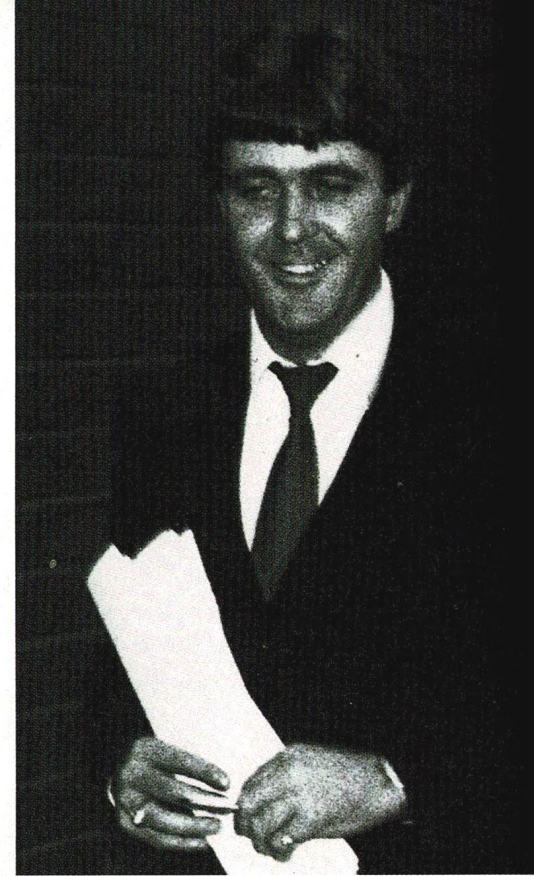
As Christopher Flannery walked from the court after being exonerated, police arrested him and extradited him to NSW to face charges relating to the 1979 murder of stand-over man and massage parlour minder, Raymond Francis Locksley.

Flannery was released on \$30,000 bail and was eventually acquitted of murder in June, 1984, after the mysterious death of one of the main Crown witnesses.

By this time, Flannery had settled in Sydney and had been accredited with the contract killing of at least ten people in NSW and Victoria. He was feared by both the police and the underworld and was undoubtedly the country's highest-profile gun-for-hire.

On June the sixth, 1984, Flannery gunned down undercover cop, Michael Patrick Drury in his home in the Sydney suburb of Chatswood on a \$100,000 contract from the Mr Big of the Melbourne heroin trade, Alan David Williams.

Williams had tried to bribe Drury to change his evidence in a drug case against him and when he couldn't be persuaded, Williams called in Flannery to solve the problem. Flannery shot Drury at almost point-blank range through his



"The only thing that Flannery knew for sure was that he wouldn't give in without a fight. . ."

kitchen window with his favourite tool, a .357 Magnum. Although blown apart by the impact, Drury lived.

After being on the run for several years, Williams confessed to conspiring with Flannery to kill Drury and received 14 years' jail, and another six years on drug charges.

By late 1984, Sydney was in the middle of a gang war over heroin and control of the vice and gambling rackets. There is little doubt that it was Flannery and an accomplice who killed heroin supplier Danny Michael 'The Tub' Chubb at Miller's Point in Sydney in November 1984. As Chubb left his Jaguar car, two men walked up to him in the street and let fly with a shotgun and a .357 Magnum at close range.

Police believed that the contract on



Chubb came from Barry Raymond McCann, who owed the Tub \$200,000 for heroin. It was cheaper to have Flannery knock Chubb off for \$50,000 than pay his outstanding account. McCann immediately claimed The Tub's heroin distribution network as his own.

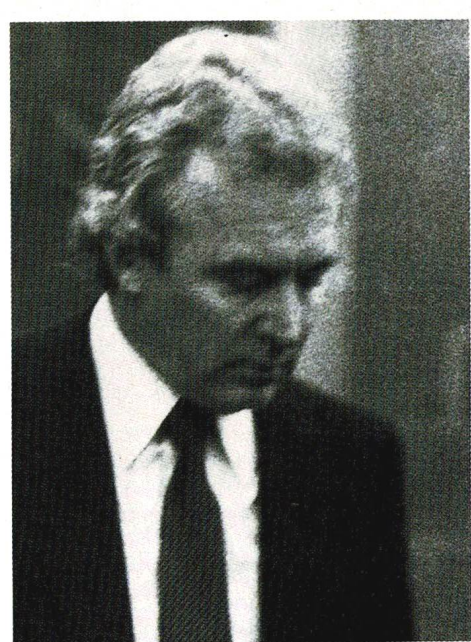
On January 27, 1985, as Flannery, his wife Kathleen and their 12-year-old daughter were about to enter their home in Arncliffe, they were sprayed with machine-gun bullets from a passing car.

Barry McCann had got the word that Flannery had taken a contract from some of the late Danny Chubb's associates to knock him (McCann) off in retaliation. McCann had decided he would get in first. Unfortunately for McCann, his boys bungled it. Now the war was in full swing.

The next to go was Michael John 'Melbourne Mick' Sayers, again at the behest of McCann. Flannery was a good mate of Mick Sayers. McCann planned to wait until Flannery and Sayers were together. Then he would get a couple of his thugs to get rid of them both.

On the night of February 16, 1985, Sayers returned from a city restaurant with his girlfriend, Marian Ware. As Sayers stepped out of his Mercedes to open the garage door, two masked men stepped out from the bushes and started shooting at him with a .357 Magnum and a rifle. He crouched behind his car for protection and after a few seconds he left his shelter and sprinted down Hewlett St toward Bronte beach.

As he ran for his life he was hit by at least one shot and fell to the ground.



CLOCKWISE FROM FAR LEFT: A smiling Flannery after being acquitted in the 1982 Locksley murder case; Police find Barry Raymond McCann's body; McCann leaves Central Court after Flannery inquest, 1986; Danny Michael Chubb found shot dead in 1984.

One of the assailants ran up to Sayers and shot him several times in the chest with a rifle, killing him instantly.

At the time of the shooting, Christopher Dale Flannery was dining at the River Inn Restaurant in Surfer's Paradise. Police believed that McCann had got the wrong information that Flannery would be with Sayers that night.

There was more upheaval in villianville. Early in 1985, Godfather and peace-maker of Sydney's organised crime, Frederick Charles 'Paddles' Anderson, 70, died after a long illness.

Paddles was still warm in his grave when the struggle to carve up his empire began. The political and police muscle that he had so cleverly manoeuvred for years had gone to the grave with him, and the imposters to his throne started going after the spoils in a very ungentlemanly manner.

This turmoil suited Mr Rent-a-Kill down to the ground. The loose cannon of the underworld was hot to trot. But first Flannery had unfinished business to attend to.

Flannery teamed up with an old ally, Anthony "English Tony" Eustace, and went looking for the hoods who shot at him and his family and who would have shot him if he had been with Sayers.

Mid-morning on April 3, 1984, Victor John Camilleri, 27, and Kevin Victor Theobald, 28, were driving along Kingsgrove Ave, Kingsgrove, when a brown Valiant sedan containing three men pulled alongside. Eustace was at the wheel, Flannery alongside him and a third unidentified man in the back seat. Flannery leaned out of the passenger-side window and started blasting away

Rent-A-Kill

with a .357 Magnum.

Camilleri was hit in the left shoulder and neck and spent ten days in hospital with a punctured lung. Theobald was not hit. Both men claimed that it must have been a case of mistaken identity and vehemently denied any knowledge of Flannery or the Sayers murder.

By now, all of the Sydney underworld had gone to ground for fear of being allied with either party and being shot.

It was then that Christopher Dale Flannery sowed the seeds of his own destruction. He took a contract on his trusted friend and ally, English Tony Eustace. An organised crime figure at the top of the ladder had been trying to get at Eustace for years since being duded by him on a dope deal. With Flannery living in Eustace's pocket, it would be the ideal time to get revenge.

Flannery took the contract proving once and for all that no-one was safe while he was alive.

In the early evening of April 23, 1985, Tony Eustace was having a few drinks with friends at his bar and grill, "Tony's", in Double Bay. He was summoned to the phone and then explained to friends that he had to go to an important meeting at the Airport Hilton. His friends tried to talk him out of it. But English Tony was insistent. He drove off into the night in his gold Mercedes.

At about 7pm, several youths at football training, about 200m from the Airport Hilton, heard several shots ring out and looked over to see a Mercedes parked nose-on to a brown Valiant. The lights of both cars were on and both driver's side doors of the Mercedes were open.

About the same time, a jogger heard four gun shots and ran towards the cars as the Valiant dimmed its lights and drove off. The jogger found the bullet riddled body of Tony Eustace and rang an ambulance.

Eustace was rushed to hospital and when questioned by police just before going into the operating theatre, said, "Fuck off." He died shortly after on the operating table from blood loss caused by six bullets from a .45 automatic. The following day, Federal Police officers found an abandoned brown Valiant in the car park at the Airport Hilton. It was registered in a bodgie name. Flannery drove a brown Valiant.

Police also established that Flannery had rented a Ford Falcon about two hours before the murder. They believe that this was the getaway car used after Flannery dumped the Valiant.

When the news of English Tony's death at the hands of his friend reached the ears of the organisers of crime, it was agreed that they would have a meeting to restore order in the underworld. The

main issue was the fate of Mr Rent-a-Kill.

Seeing as no-one had any use for him any more, it was agreed that an open contract for \$100,000 would be put on his head and that anyone who killed him was entitled to the money. And it was agreed that no-one was to have anything to do with him unless it was to bring about his demise.

When someone rang Flannery on May 8 and told him to be at the meeting at George Freeman's house in the morning, they weren't breaking the rules. It was open season on Christopher Dale Flannery.

On that morning of May 9, 1985, it was 16 days since Flannery had killed his friend, Tony Eustace. He had heard the word about the open contract on his life. It was time to leave town.

Flannery would never admit it, but he

"He reloaded his gun and emptied the contents into Roger Wilson as he begged for his life."

was shit-scared. Now he felt like all of the people he had tortured, bashed and murdered. The only thing that Flannery knew for sure was that he wouldn't give in without a fight. The .38 in his belt would see to that. What he hadn't counted on was the professionalism of his hunters.

Flannery hailed the cab in Lyons Lane. He instructed the driver to take him to the airport. He hadn't noticed the brown Holden Commodore parked on the other side of the street. Nor did he notice the Commodore turn around and follow his cab.

The three occupants of the Commodore knew that Flannery would either be going to the airport or the meeting at George Freeman's house.

Either way they would kill him. But it wouldn't be in public with lots of witnesses. These men weren't street thugs. They were trained assassins who could kill with their bare hands and make it look like a heart attack. Compared to them, Mr Rent-a-Kill was just another cheap hood with a gun.

Their only problem was getting the

gun off Flannery before he could start shooting. Flannery solved the problem for them. He had planned on using his gun to protect himself on the way to the airport and then leave it in his car in the security of the car park. It would be no problem getting another one in Melbourne.

He didn't have his car and Flannery couldn't take his gun through the security metal detectors, so he opted to drop it in a nearby Dumpex bin before he entered the airport terminal.

The assassins couldn't believe their luck as they watched Flannery sneak past the bin and drop something in. A quick look revealed what it was. They picked Flannery up in the newsagent. The taller of the two men suggested that Flannery come quietly with them or the gun he had in his coat pocket would go off. Flannery went quietly to the waiting car.

Flannery was terrified but the two strangers sitting either side of him in the back of the Commodore re-assured him that if he co-operated he would come to no harm. They calmly told him that a couple of gentlemen wanted to have a chat with him and wanted him to have a look at a new Israeli machine-gun in view of using it on some of their enemies.

Flannery had a false sense of security as he was taken to a small boatshed on the western side of the Sydney Harbour Bridge. As they entered the boatshed, each man pinned one of Flannery's arms to his side while the driver wrapped his arms around Flannery's legs. A small stocky man emerged swiftly from the shadows, whipped a length of wire with wooden handles on either end around Flannery's neck and garrotted him from behind.

Mr Rent-a-Kill didn't know what had hit him. The two men held his arms as the death rattles vibrated through Flannery's body.

When the rattles became spasmodic jerks, the men stopped and eased Flannery to the floor. The smaller of the two men then shot him once in the right eye with a silenced .22 pistol.

One of the men then sliced off the dead hit man's right ear and put it in a plastic bag. That ear was worth \$100,000. They divided the \$40,000 in Flannery's bag four ways and the driver left with the plastic bag to collect their bounty.

The men scrubbed away any evidence, wrapped the body in a tarpaulin and waited until sunset. In darkness they loaded the body into a small, fast boat and sped out for 15 minutes through Sydney Heads.

The weighted corpse was dumped about six miles off the heads and sank in 30 fathoms of water.

Christopher Dale Flannery now sleeps with the fish. 



"I think that one's a female."



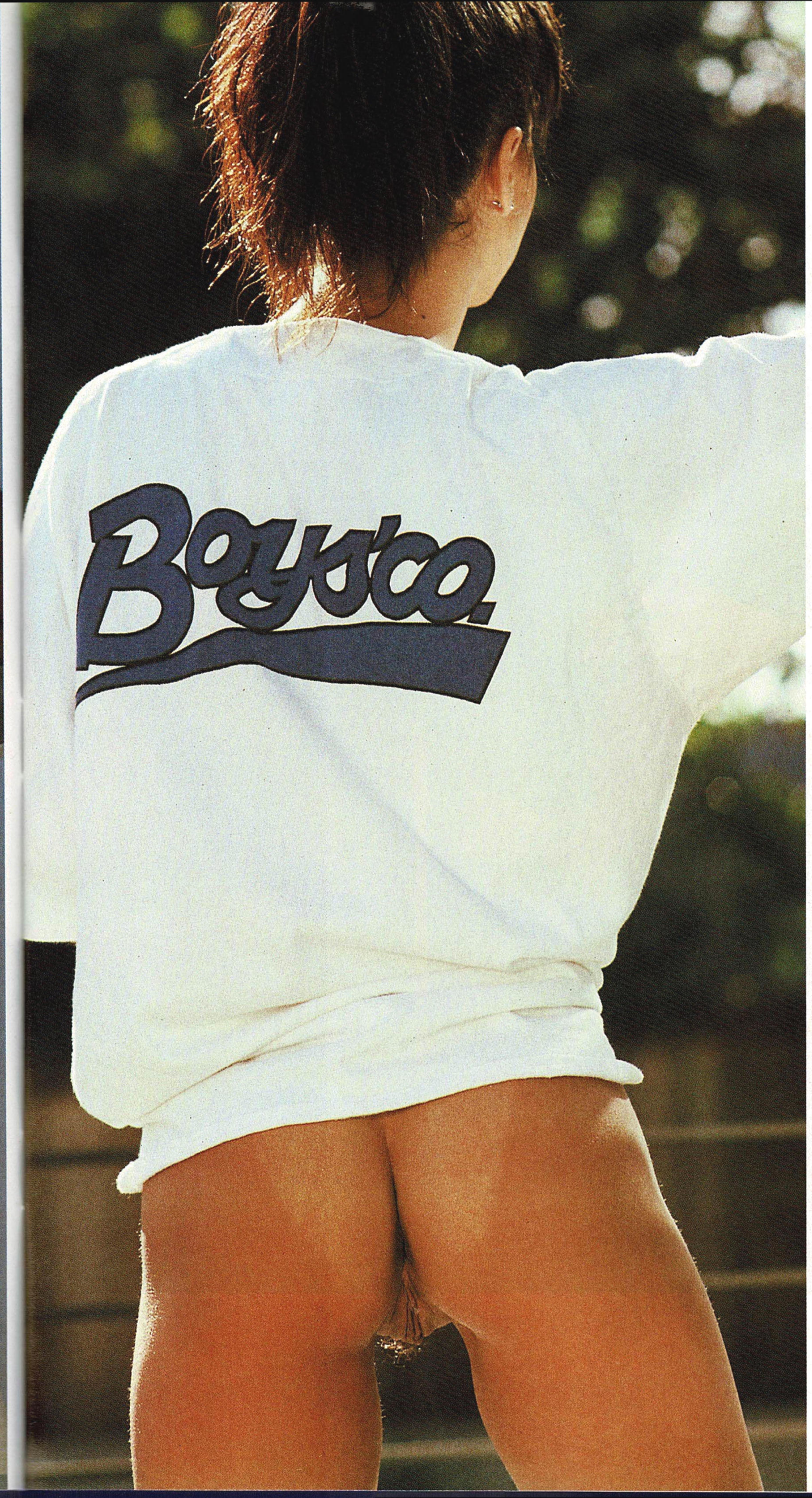
water baby

Photography by Stephen Hicks



When it comes to relaxation or sport, gorgeous 24-year-old Patty Krupys is never far from water. When she was younger this beauty was a State swimming champion and she still works out in the pool.

"I love being surrounded by water. It's just so soothing and tranquil. At home I'll usually swim naked. Just the cool water against my bare flesh."



As for her most memorable sexual encounter, Patty blushes when she recalls the incident. "Yeah, you guessed it. It was in the pool. Let me put it this way. When water is supporting your body, you can get into positions you normally wouldn't be able to." As for men, Patti naturally likes swimmers. "There is something about the lean, taut physiques of men of the water that has an increasingly intense effect on me."



When Patti is not working out, she indulges herself in lengthy bubble baths and aroma-therapy massages. Patti's career as a model has taken her all around the world but she says that Australia is still her favourite country. "There's something about the Aussie man that I've never seen anywhere else. They are still real men without being sappy wimps. And I love a real man."



BY RENÉE BRACK

PHOTOS COURTESY OF HARD COPY

FOR NOTORIOUS VICTORIAN CRIMINAL MARK “CHOPPER” READ, VIOLENCE IS A WAY OF LIFE

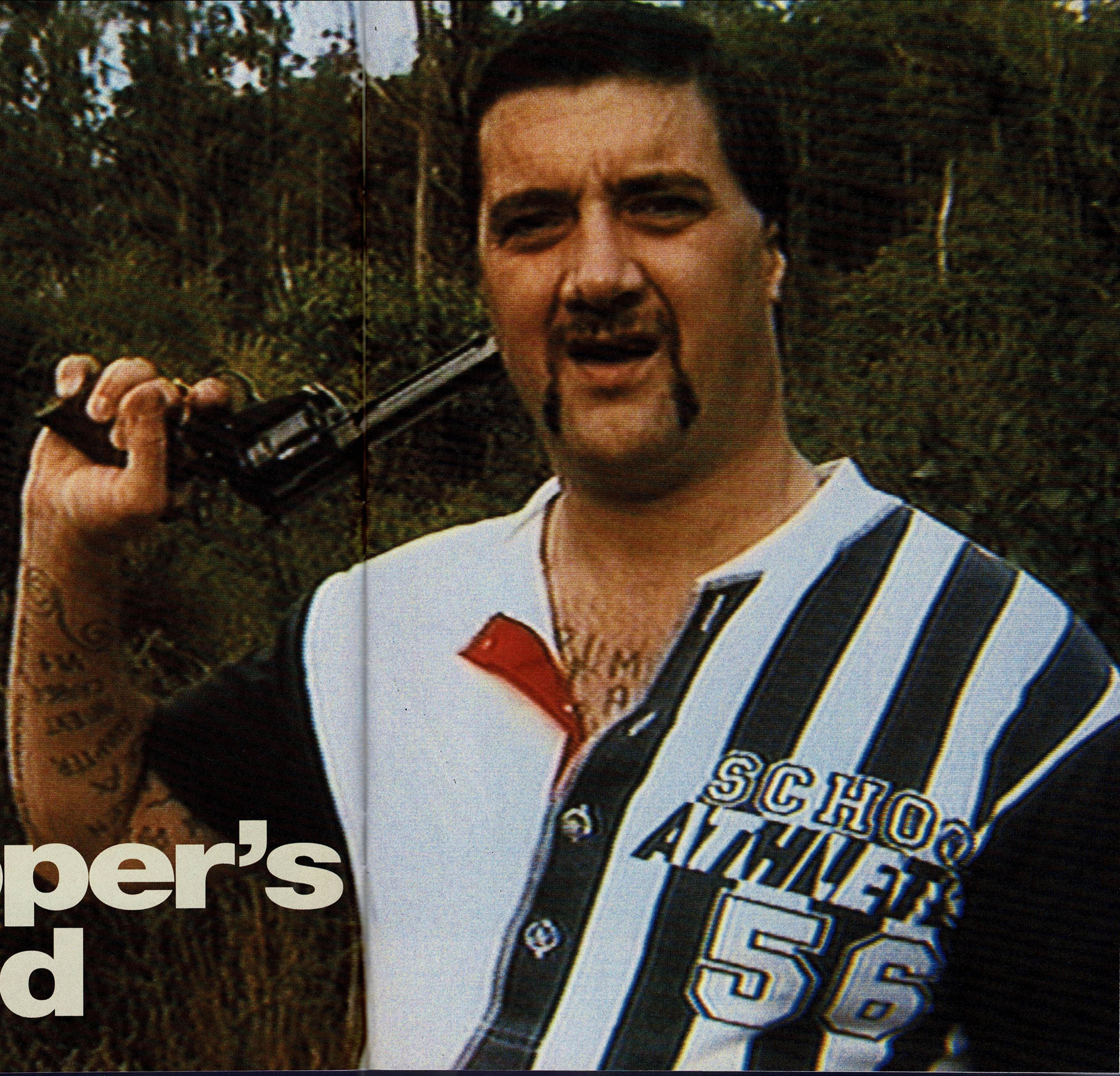
I wanted to know how Chopper Read earned thousands of dollars playing Russian roulette with the Chinese underworld.

But I didn't think he'd put a bullet in a revolver — the gun used and recommended by Dirty Harry — spin the barrel, point it at my head and pull the trigger.

This sort of scenario generally doesn't happen to TV reporters in Australia. But I was in Tasmania, on a lonely stretch of dirt road that Chopper told me was renowned for bashings and rapes.

And for the split second when I heard the metallic click of the trigger, the mainland seemed a long way off. I was in Chopperland now and he knew there wasn't a damned thing I could do about it.

Chopper's world



chopper

We'd known each other only five hours but I was already lucky to be alive. Chopper laughed and crushed me in a bear hug. "It gets a bit scary but honestly, I know what I'm doing."

Of course he did. Mark Brandon "Chopper" Read was one of Australia's most notorious criminals. At 37 he'd spent over 17 fractured years in prison. If he had been caught for every crime he'd committed, he'd be up for a thousand years jail. He had terrorised Pentridge prison, and he claimed to be the very first inmate sent to Victoria's horrific Jaka Jaka psychiatric penitentiary. He spent three years in Jaka Jaka which was eventually closed down because it did more to create the criminally insane than cure them.

Scars and prison tats now litter his body from his neck to his wrists to his ankles. Across his lower back is scrawled "PSYCHOPATH JIKA JIKA" and "MAD DOG." His body reads like a ghoulish comic book of mutilation inflicted by his own hand as well as the weapons of his enemies. The scars offer a brief history of the rewards of crime.

"I got stabbed with an eight and a half inch butcher's knife here. Stabbed twice here. Ice pick near the heart. Stanley knife across here. Stanley knife there. Stanley knife. Stanley knife. Another Stanley knife here. Bullet hole here. Ice pick here..." Chopper goes on pointing at each wound until I ask about the three-pronged scar on his cheek. He laughs. "Oh, that one? A mate's mum stabbed me in the face with a barbecue fork."

For all his appearance and background, he seemed completely relaxed and happy. And so did I — until he pointed the gun at my head and pulled the trigger. Then I thought things were getting a little out of hand. But Read assured the *Hard Copy* crew and me that his life of crime was over, that he was never going back to prison. "I've got nothing more to do with the criminal world, but I'm not going to hand in my guns. I may as well invite people to kill me and I haven't given up living."

Chopper's laugh is maniacal, ferocious and louder than everyone else's. In these moments, he sounds completely crazed. But the Chopper Read I came to know over three long days is no maniac. He's well-mannered, charming, witty and alarmingly intelligent — all the qualities that helped make him one of the most feared headhunters in Australian history.

A headhunter is a predator. He preys on other criminals with special attention to drug dealers and bank robbers. He tortures then murders fellow criminals to steal their ill-gotten gains. Over a few beers, Chopper told me tales of toe cutting and blow torching; of torturing people with the help of long-time mate Dave



the Jew; of the time Dave's father glared at them both and said, "I haven't smelt that smell since Belsen."

When Read decided to give up crime, he wrote a best-selling book (50,000

copies sold) called *Chopper: From The Inside*, which is an account of some of his more palatable misdemeanours. But he claims he has never hurt an innocent person. "I've never killed anyone who



didn't benefit from the experience."

On the morning of May 7 last year, Chopper met me at the airport in Launceston. He had his skinny driver with him, Trent. Trent didn't say much but he smiled a lot which, under the circumstances, gave me the jitters. Chopper pointed out the bullet wound in the back of Trent's neck and laughed. But that's another story.

The rest of the *Hard Copy* crew were hovering around the hire car when Chopper insisted I travel with him. It was an uncomfortable moment. I reminded myself that he had been acquitted of that rape charge back in '75 and acquitted again in '89 on a murder charge.

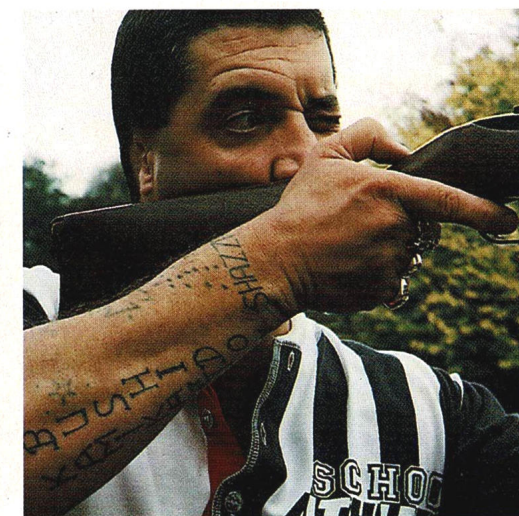
Never the officer but always the gentleman, he sat in the back seat and secured my seat belt. I had to ask: "You are taking me to the hotel, aren't you?" Chopper laughed for too long then

showed me a cute pistol and a cosmetics bag full of ammo. The gun and bag were stashed in the console next to my seat. Then Read pointed out the rifle and pump-action shotgun on the back dashboard as well as assorted iron bars in easy reach of any seat in the car — except mine. I smiled at the big man. Eleven teeth missing and a number three haircut. I was strapped into his car. He could take me anywhere and do anything. But it was too late to get out so I did something that might seem foolhardy to a lot of people. I decided to trust Chopper Read.

We did go to the hotel and Chopper insisted we go straight to the bar. It was 10am and the Ansett omelette still hadn't landed but the beer flowed fast. Another bar later and Chopper was keen to go shooting.

Again I was his passenger and he told

OPPOSITE PAGE, TOP: Marksmanship test on a stubby held by assistant, Trent. **BOTTOM:** Russian Roulette with Brack. "Honestly, I know what I'm doing". **LEFT:** Badges of crime. **BELOW:** Just don't mention his ears.



me a shocking tale of a successful head-hunt. A story about the man with a full-back tattoo of a phoenix who had it torn off over a \$75,000 bank heist. Chopper ran his fingers over my back as he explained how skinning a man is hard work.

"It's tough like leather and after a rip, the flesh goes white then red as the blood wells. White, red, white, red all the way down his back."

"He died of shock, poor bugger, but he didn't say where the money was. When we took the tattoo to his wife, she didn't even flinch. She asked if he was dead and we said 'no.' She gave us the money and then we told her the operation was a success but the patient didn't make it. You know, she never shed a tear or said a word to anyone — must be in her fifties now."

When we stopped at a deserted bush clearing to shoot a few targets, Chopper told me there were 25 contracts out on his life but only two he took seriously. "The rest are all jokes. They're contracts the Italians put out on me. Good for a giggle. The only thing I'm gonna die of is laughter."

When the shooting party started, Chopper demonstrated his marksmanship by shooting a stubby of beer with a hollow-point bullet. Trent, the trusty assistant, was holding the stubby at the time and his throat was peppered with glass as the bottle exploded. Chopper's response? "Trent, if you're gonna bleed, go somewhere else."

"What happened to your teeth?" I asked. "I lost them in Pentridge as a result of an effeminate dentist."

"Why don't you have a false set?"

"I did but when I hopped out of a

Continued on page 116

BY MARTIN KYLE
ILLUSTRATION BY PHILIP HOLLIDAY

It used to be called nagging

The Real Man's guide to feminism

There are two TVs in the bar. One's showing Friday night football, the other, World Championship Mud Wrestling. But the guys in the bar aren't paying attention. They're drinking, they're talking, they're confused.

"It used to be called nagging," says one guy. "Or The Battle of the Sexes," chips in a sympathetic buddy, halfway through his third marriage breakdown.

They're talking about feminism of course. And what is feminism? These guys don't know. However they do know that in the last 20 years the whole world has been tipped upside down and turned into a gigantic, nightmarish visit from Fred Flintstone's mother-in-law. They do know that everything they do or say is misunderstood and that their most innocent actions are always misinterpreted. To these guys that's feminism; a presence that constantly watches over their shoulders,



feminism

criticising everything from the way they spread their legs when they sit on the sofa, to their preference for large-breasted blondes.

But what is feminism, really? Is it just a bunch of hysterical lesbians screaming abuse at men and blaming them for everything from nuclear war to the dust under the dresser? Yes, that is feminism, but it's also more — much more. Today, feminism is a world-wide, multi-billion dollar "men are bastards" industry. As men around the world are finding out, feminism is no longer something they can just "try to live with."

WHAT IS FEMINISM?

The first thing a man needs to know about feminism is that feminists believe:

1) Everything in the world is arranged to suit men.

2) Men have deliberately planned it this way.

3) This is not a good thing.

Men ignored this message for a long time, hoping that it would just go away. But feminists kept repeating their message and pretty soon lots of people, even men, started to think it must be true. It was a case of "tell a lie loud and long enough and people will start to think it must be the truth."

Men should realise, however, that the facts tell us that the bargain men get in our society is not everything feminists have cracked it up to be. Let's look at those facts.

1) Seventy percent of homeless people in the United States are male.

2) Males are only 49 percent of the population but make up 95 percent of the United States prison population.

3) An American male who commits a crime will receive a prison sentence on average 60 percent longer than a female who is convicted of the same category of crime.

4) American women live seven years longer than American men.

5) More American males than females die at birth and at every age thereafter.

6) American men commit suicide at over four times the rate of American women.

7) 150,000 cases of breast cancer were diagnosed in women in the United States during 1990. There is massive media exposure on this health issue. Yet with 106,000 males diagnosed in the same year as having prostate cancer, there is no media interest.

8) American males aged 25 to 44 die of heart disease at a rate almost four times greater than among females.

9) Males are far more likely than females to have serious drug and alcohol problems.

Apparently this society drugs its men and kills them off. How can it be said, then, that it's run for the benefit of men? For a bunch of guys who have deliberately organised the world to suit themselves, we haven't done very well have we? But how do feminists answer these figures? Here's how:

1) Men are in prison because they deserve to be. They are naturally evil and aggressive.

2) Men die younger than women because they're physiologically weaker. It's natural. These statistics don't reflect oppression.

3) If men are being screwed up by the way society's organised, they have only themselves to blame, because they made it that way.

This is so ridiculous and vindictive that it's offensive. But that's feminism. It may be confusing, but before reading any further, I advise you to keep one thing at the forefront of your minds. There is a Golden Rule for feminism. It goes like this: find something that offends you and blame men.

DIVORCE

When a woman leaves a man it's for love, self-expression or growth, but when a man leaves a woman it's always because he's a drunk or a wife-beater or because he's got a bimbo in an apartment somewhere. If you watch Donahue or Oprah you know this. You'll also know that when a man commits adultery it's an unforgivable, sleazy affair, but when a woman does it it's "a cry for help" from a "neglected" woman bravely trying to "attract attention" to the problems in her marriage.

It's the usual rule: men are always in the wrong, although statistics show that it is women who most often leave marriages.

AT WORK

It's feminism's view that if women can't be paid for working at home, then they want to be paid for taking their homes to work. And so we have the current campaign where feminists are insisting that women be given the "choice" of having child-care centres and breast-feeding facilities in all workplaces.

The fact that someone (companies, consumers, other tax-payers) has to pay for all this and that it is single people and traditional families who will be subsidising this lifestyle choice doesn't seem to bother feminists one bit, as long as they get the advantage of it.

WAGES FOR HOUSEPEOPLE

Guys are told that if you paid your wife what she was worth, she'd get the annual salary of an airline pilot, which only makes you think, "If she got paid

Continued on page 106



"Don't forget to take your anti-feral pills, Merve..."



Tori



Twenty-two-year-old Tori is a university student who says she loves the free-wheeling campus lifestyle. This blue-eyed blonde says that at uni she can party every night and meet vast amounts of eligible men while still furthering her education. Growing up in a small country town, Tori says she learned to appreciate the simple pleasures.

Tori party

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN HARROLL





She says that her ultimate fantasy is simply being able to make love on a spring day under a clear blue sky. With a coy grin, Tori admits to thriving on attention, especially that of men. "If you want to know what real power is, there's nothing like walking into a room and knowing that every man in the place wants you." Judging by Tori's incredible body and stunning face, it is easy to see how she could elicit such positive reactions.



**Tori says she
likes a chap who
can match her
intellectually and
who is secure
enough in himself
not to be
possessive over
her. According to
Tori, such a
candidate is
proving
difficult to find and
the search is still
continuing. Any
takers?**







NIGHTLIFE

s y d n e y

BY JEAN NORMAN

PHOTOS BY PAUL MCIVER

girls' night out

**Aboard the Philanderer 2,
the girls get down and dirty**

The north end of Victoria Street in Kings Cross is a backpacker ghetto. The tree-lined, mile-long stretch overlooking the naval base at Woolloomooloo looks like a junior international street fair. Backpackers are a community unto themselves. Untrammelled by constraints of career and fixed abode they seem to lead a carefree existence. Josie and Luana are New Zealanders who flew into Sydney with two major goals: to avoid Kiwi and Australian men and to have Fun!

Josie looks and acts younger than her professed age of 26. Her figure's the kind that's often described as coltish with long gangly legs and firm fetlocks. Luana's 21 and part Hawaiian. She's equipped with a classically pretty face, black ringlets and killer self-esteem.

Their home base is the Original Backpacker's Hostel, which at first glance resembles a Christian youth camp. The rules on the noticeboard seem made to be broken: "No room parties. No visitors in rooms after 10pm. No drinking. No drugs. No pets" and so on.

Josie funds her nightlife by nine-to-fiving, aptly enough, at Joe's Meat Market and Luana's supposed to be starting work as a restaurant hostess tonight. But tonight the restaurant won't

girls' night out

be graced by the lovely Luana — Josie's persuaded her to come on a girls' night out. "Jobs are really easy to get," Luana claims airily.

Amidst the odour of rotting urine and the visual assault of the bile-green carpet, the girls' room is a girlie haven. The carpet from hell is skilfully camouflaged beneath layers of clothes, make-up and magazines. Tacked above the dressing-table is an *Australian Woman's Forum* magazine pin-up of a well oiled, muscled and endowed African-American who happens to be the doorman across the road at the Soho. Luana smirks meaningfully at Josie who squirms smugly in her chair. "Yes, it's true what they say about black men," she says puckering her lips to roll on a carnivorous red lipstick. "Shit! My nail's broken. I slept with him but it was just a one-night stand. We used a condom."

Luana nods approvingly and reaches for the Cool Charm. "Every now and then I sweat like a pig," she explains. "Australian and New Zealand men are unsophisticated," says Josie waving her mascara for emphasis. "I like Frenchmen — *Ooh La La* — but black men are the best." She stares wistfully up at the negro centrefold man.

"I want to get a sugar daddy," confides Luana through a mist of hair spray. "I knew a girl once who was 25 and she had one who was 50. She told me, 'Don't fuck with a sugar daddy cos he'll fuck you right back.'"

The girls are ready. Glancing at one another for approval they bare their fangs checking for the dreaded lipstick on the teeth.

A cab trip down to Pier Nine, west of Circular Quay and J & L have



"Girls are sneaking up and goosing the waiters, commenting lewdly on the 'hang' of their genitalia . . ."

reached their destination. It's dusk and about a hundred, mostly attractive, cocktail-frocked women are giggling, hooting and squealing around the wharf waiting to board the good ship *Philanderer 2* — scene of the "Ladies Night Afloat Cruise starring the Sydney Harbour Stallions."

A constant stream of taxis screech up to disgorge gaggles of girls who tumble out bickering over cab fares and shrieking with excitement. A pick-up truck loaded with men arrives and the girls scream in unison as if Jason Priestley had arrived in his Y-Fronts. But it's the waiters not the strippers. The young men look apprehensive as they jog past the screaming girls and vault onto the boat. Frozen-faced and appalled, Josie, a redhead, notes that there's a disproportionate number of blonde girls in the crowd. The raven-tressed Luana screws up her nose and a few blonde jokes get snarled around.

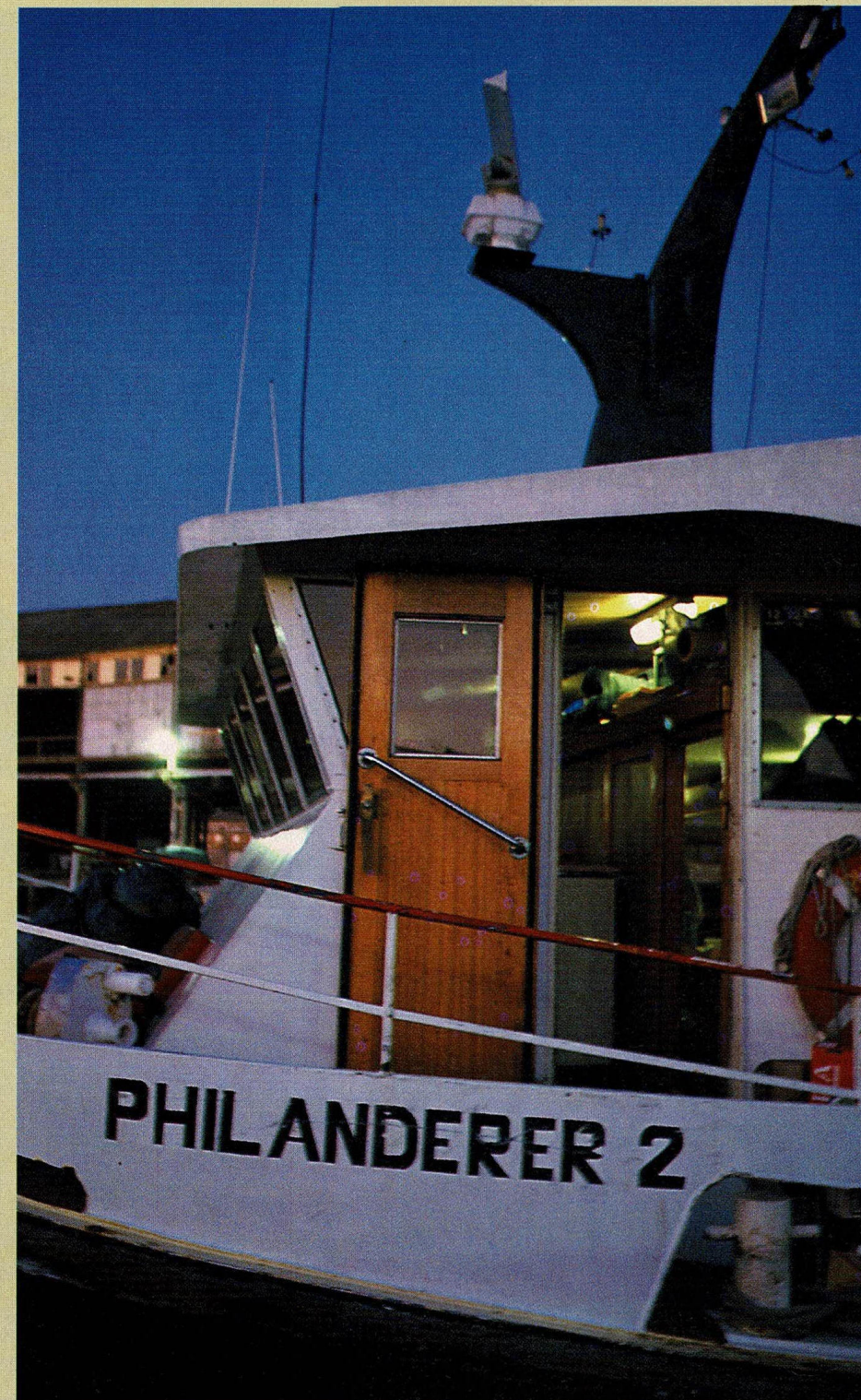
They stand on tiptoes and peer into the boat for a clandestine view of the waiters getting into their uniforms; bow ties, sandshoes and groin-hugging speedos.

It's time to board the boat. "I'm Too Sexy" blasts out of the speakers as the waiters serve trays of white wine and punch that are quickly downed. The waiters hover with two-

litre refill jugs and get felt up by the screaming girls baying for more grog.

"Australian girls are so hard," says Josie. "Kiwi girls are more reserved," agrees Luana. The bass is cranked right up into a primal throb as dozens of glassy eyed girls start to sway along together to Madonna. After seven refills in half an hour, a compere emerges and informs the ladies that they're "welcome to grope" the waiters (cheers, squeals of delight) and the strippers who'll be arriving later (screaming, hysterical wails) but that "no fingernails can be used as some of our men have been pretty badly injured in the past..." (growling, banshee screaming). Clearly unaware of the burgeoning masculine movement, the waiters seem to relish their role as sex-objects and don't mind being virtually undressed in a room of predatory young women.

With a grunt and throb, *Philanderer 2* surges out into Sydney Harbour. The waiters take their "battle stations" at the buffet and Josie and Luana fill their paper plates with salad and cold cuts of meat. "Unless a guy's taking you out it can be a while between proper meals as a backpacker," says Luana. Josie waves her drumstick suggestively at the "studliest" waiter. Grinning coquettishly the waiters clear



away debris and the dance floor is cleared so the "ladies" can get down to Abba and the Teen Queens and groove with one another and the waiters. As we cruise under the Harbour Bridge, girls are babbling, giggling and gesticulating so wildly they're flinging their lit cigarettes into the crowd behind them. Others are sneaking up and goosing the waiters, commenting lewdly on the "hang" of genitalia and bellowing along with the songs.

Oblivious to Josie and Luana's shocked stares, the hen party at the table next to us start thumping their fists on the table and chanting, "Meat!

Meat! Meat! Give us meat!"

The incessant twittering of the past hour becomes an hysterical roar with a background buzz like an approaching swarm of hornets, or more precisely, a horde of ravenous females.

The ancient Bacchanalia was not, as many people think, an innocent wine-sodden pagan festival. It was a sinister human sacrifice ceremony where village women drank skinfuls of fermented honey before chasing a naked young man over hill and dale until they caught him, sported with him, dismembered him limb from limb and ate his balls. Bacchanalia lingers on in the modern ladies' nights.

The roar is getting louder, the screeching acquires yet more of an hysterical edge and some of the waiters are looking a little frayed. A group of birthday gals up front are sniggering and loudly speculating over whether the demigod pouring wine down their already raw throats has got an erection or not. He blushes right down his waxed back to his well-defined glutes. The boat turns around to pick up the strippers back at the wharf. As we pull back into Pier Nine, a dozen weedy looking retards can be seen crowding dangerously close to the edge. The strippers? No — a buck's night hoping to skim off a few drunken and amorous young women after the Bacchanalia, but they've come hours too early and have to content themselves with jeering at the strippers. Luana is contained and thoughtful while Josie's wriggling excitedly craning her neck to catch a glimpse of the male erotic dancers. When told that, yes, one of them is black and built like a brick shithouse, she is beside herself. The Sydney Harbour Stallions are on the boat! The "reserved" Kiwi gals are now beyond conversation as they join in a raucous chorus of the KISS song, "I Was Made For Loving You Baby."

A woman comes up and twitters incoherently at the *Penthouse* photographer. Hysteria and awesome quantities of sickly sweet punch has her speaking in tongues. The compere emerges and the babble subsides to a dull background roar. "Ladies do you understand that the men here tonight will be taking off their shirts? (screams) Their trousers? (squeaks) Their Speedos? (screaming) Their G-strings?"

This time Josie and Luana join in the call for "Meat! Meat! Meat!"

"LADIES! Here is an officer and a gentlemen!" And John rushes out in a pristine white Richard Gere styled naval uniform which he flings off in an orgy of crotch grabbing, dry humping, pelvic thrusting and gyrating. The O & G storms down the aisle, arches his manly chest and, to Luana's squealing delight, thrusts his bulging crotch in her face. "Show us your penis why don't you," mutters Josie. The Stallions are legally restrained from going past the G-string stage so they've modified the basic G-string into something that resembles a spandex condom.

A pocket Patrick Swayze performs a surfie strip and Luana likes him best. Women are rocking furiously back and forth in their seats, clapping, screaming and screeching at him to take it all off. Finally, Don, Josie's much-awaited black fella, struts onstage in an LA Police uniform and dances diabolically well to Public

girls' night out

Enemy. "Gosh, he's a good dancer isn't he," says Luana as Don waves a phallic cosh menacingly at the shrieking girls. Josie's so impressed she yells out "get laid motherfucker" several times. We're on one of the finest harbours in the world bobbing alongside the spectacular Sydney Opera House. But tonight the marvellous vistas languish unadmired.

Wearing white boiler suits the guys perform a group finale of "Greased Lightning" and the girls screech themselves hoarse begging for encores. "Ladies. It's time for the headjob training programme," shrieks the compere. "Sit down bitch," he barks at a woman who jumps up to leave. The various brides-to-be, birthday gals and the woman celebrating her divorce are called out and asked to kneel on the dance floor. With thrilled horror, Josie finds Luana has doxed her in for turning 27 the next week, so off she goes. Polywaffle chocolate iceblocks are brought out and stuffed into the guy's groin pouches. Josie's informed that she has to fellate the polywaffle by sucking the chocolate off without biting or breaking it.

Any girl leaving teethmarks on her polywaffle will be disqualified and the girl who sucks the chocolate off quickest wins a bottle of champagne. The Seventies disco "headjob music" is pumped up and everyone goes for it — the men wildly pumping their hips and flinging their heads back in orgasmic ecstasy. Luana screeches encouragement to Josie. "Harder, suck harder." All the women are declared winners. Even the divorcee who, to the stripper's dismay, viciously snapped off his polywaffle right at the base.

Philanderer 2 docks and dozens of



women stumble off the boat with polywaffle chocolate stickied fingers, matted hair and lipstick all over their faces. It's nigh on midnight and a strange sight awaits Josie and Luana. Dozens of drunk buck's nighters are milling around the wharf. One woman sniggers to a young boy that she's just had a real man thank you very much and her friends titter as the untouchable lurches back off to his mates who're vomiting off the side of the wharf.

Josie and Luana are amidst a gang of predator males. Luana looks proud and inviolate as she accepts their homage to her beauty but her eyes are glazed. "They're hardly sugar daddies," she snarls as the baggy-eyed Greek boys sway slowly back and forth in front of her. The buck's night bus driver weaves across the waterfront road. A couple of paddy wagons materialise out of nowhere and the manager of Ladies Night Afloat explains that a police presence is required to stop the bucks hassling the ladies. They've had trouble before. The buck's bus can't leave until one of their number can satisfactorily explain to the coppers why he "touched" their car. Josie and Luana realise the buck's night bus ain't going nowhere and they decide to adjourn to Bar Luna. "Meet us there," Luana says airily to the crestfallen boys.

Bar Luna's a huge, baroque, get-pissed and boogie barn above Jackson's on George St. Jackson's has three levels of bar for different sorts of punters and Bar Luna's



supposed to be the grooviest. At the foot of the stairs doormen are busy banishing men in flannelette shirts to the basement while letting up girls (any girls) and yuppies with attitude. Men in flowery shirts with slicked-back hair run practiced beady eyes over Josie and Luana as they sweep past them



"The girls are going back to the Cross, land of hunky American doormen and potential sugar daddies. . ."

to the dry ice-filled dance floor. Bar Luna features podium dancers (male and female) as an attraction which make the amateur dancers below look like drongos. The slightly stilted bopping of J & L draws the attention of two handsome guys away from the woman they were with. Josie flirts keenly with the darker-skinned one but some mysterious pheromonal chain-reaction has already paired him off with Luana. While the professional dancers are on a break, the foursome commandeers the podium only to be elbowed off five minutes later by a pair of seriously shitty podium dancers. The

girls arrange to meet the boys next day at a Woolloomooloo pub frequented by sailors. "I'm not turning up. My one wasn't good looking enough," says Josie. "Luana's only going because they said they'd pay for her drinks." What would have been an interesting conversation is thwarted by a stampede. Having trampled the doormen, the Greek bucks from the wharf arrive in one big enraged, grog-engorged herd looking for she-creatures. The girls cower behind the walls of the booth. "Let's go to Studebakers," says Luana.

The girls are going back to the

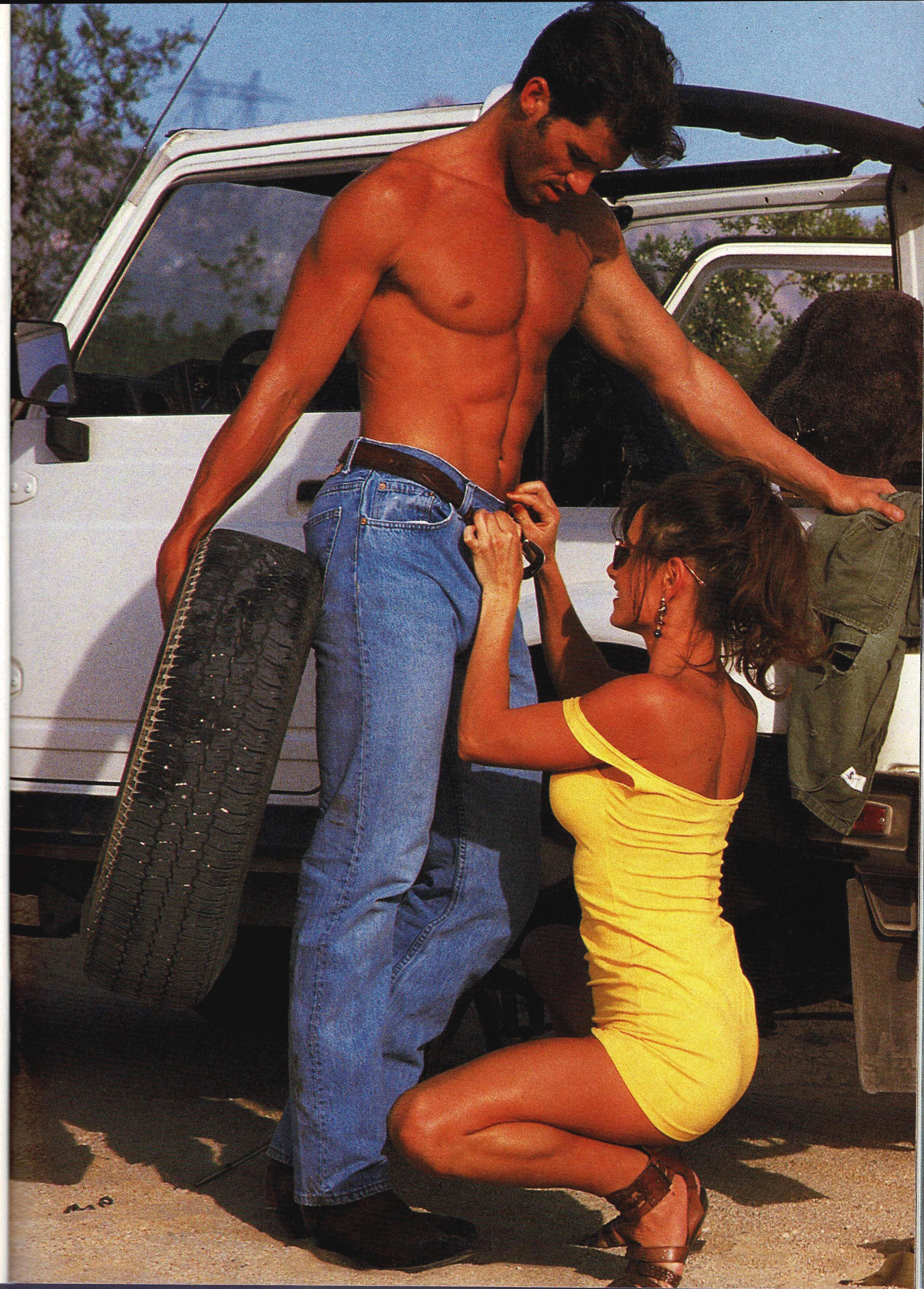
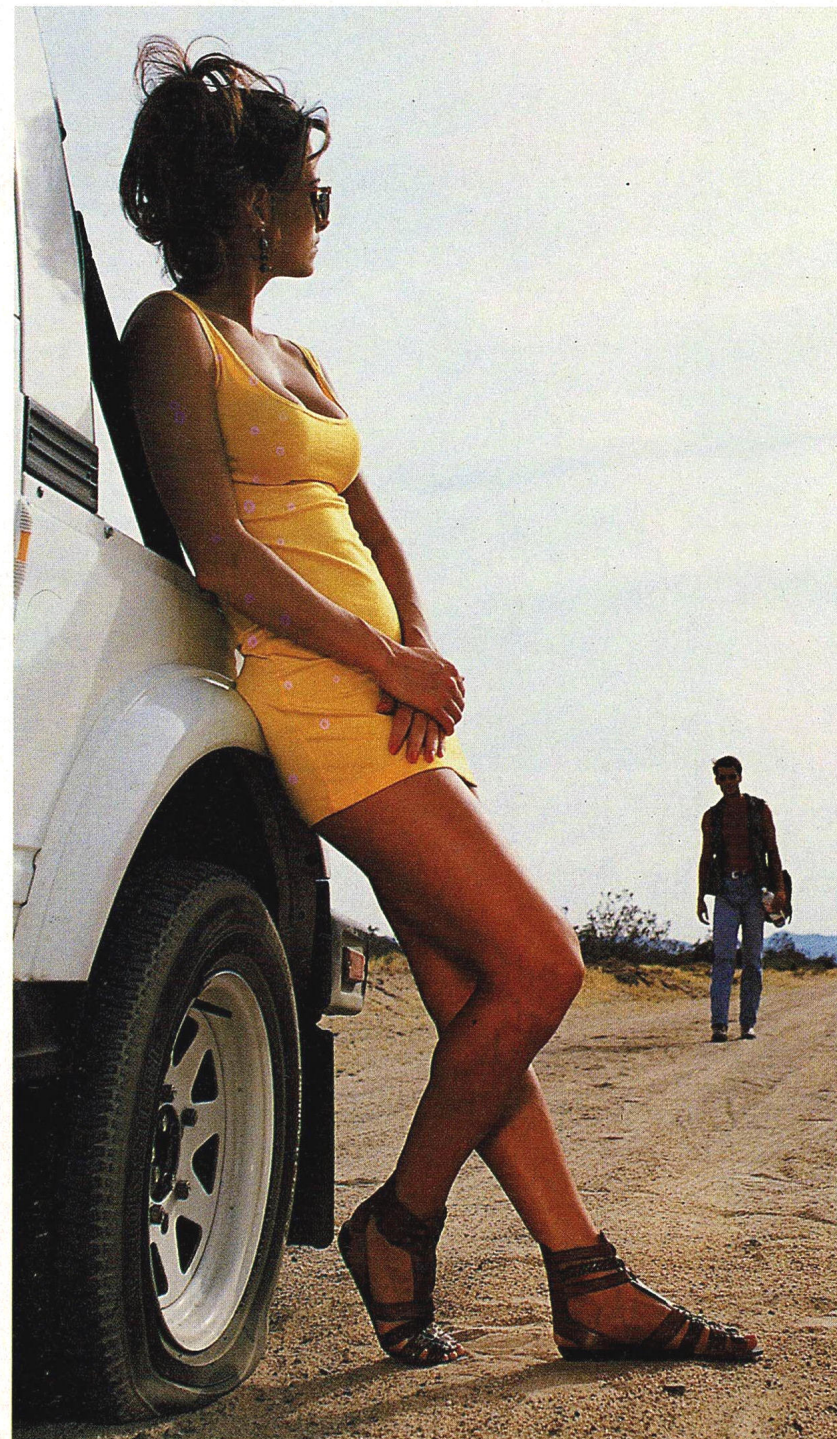
Cross, their home and realm, back to the land of hunky American doormen and potential sugar daddies. They suddenly seem more centred.

Studebakers is a brilliant marketing concept. Meat marketing. Possibly the first Mac-Nightclub in Sydney. It seems to be managed by aliens who've studied earthling mating habits and gone for the lowest common denominator. The decor is in Fifties style and the joint's done up like a big kitsch wedding cake. There's a beautiful big red Studebaker chained off in the foyer but you'd probably be arrested if you tried fondling it. Hard looking waitresses ill-suited to their neo-cheerleader outfits breeze around with trays of grog for those too drunk to fall off their seats and crawl to the bar. The low ceilings and acres of floor space stuffed to the gills with pseudo-hipsters and wall-to-wall wallies would give a sardine claustrophobia. Men are meandering up to the girls and slurring vague obscenities. "Australian men," spits Josie. Luana rolls her eyes. Despite the carefree feel of the club — old pop songs with modern dance-mix beats — it has sinister subtones. To get into the place, *Penthouse* has to get clearance from "The Corporation" and scary looking suits are lurking in the shadows. Checking under the table for bugs, I notice Luana and Josie looking a little distracted. It's past two in the morning and it's time to go a hunting. The bar droids are sluicing down the bar area with firehoses and we're about to leave when three granite-faced security droids come and stand menacingly beside us. "Time to go," says one, fingering something that is either a cosh or a gun on his belt. The horrific truth dawns ... Studebakers is a Police State! The girls saunter off down the road ahead of the journalist's contingent. They're on their own turf now and I'm sure I hear Luana say, "How can we get rid of them?" A huge, black doorman steps out of his door and says something to Josie like, "Yo girl, come on over here." And she does. He wants her to meet him when he knocks off work at six and she says she will if she can make it. Meaning if nothing better comes up. The next venue is the Soho, across from the Original Backpacker's Hostel and watering hole for the truly hip of Sydney. It's where keen ornithologists go shopping for model girlfriends and a place where a pretty girl dressed for success can go far. Luana eyes up a BMW parked outside. Josie glows as she catches sight of the doorman, the elusive centrefold boy. We leave them there. Even a journalist can only intrude so far. ☐

Life Is A Highway

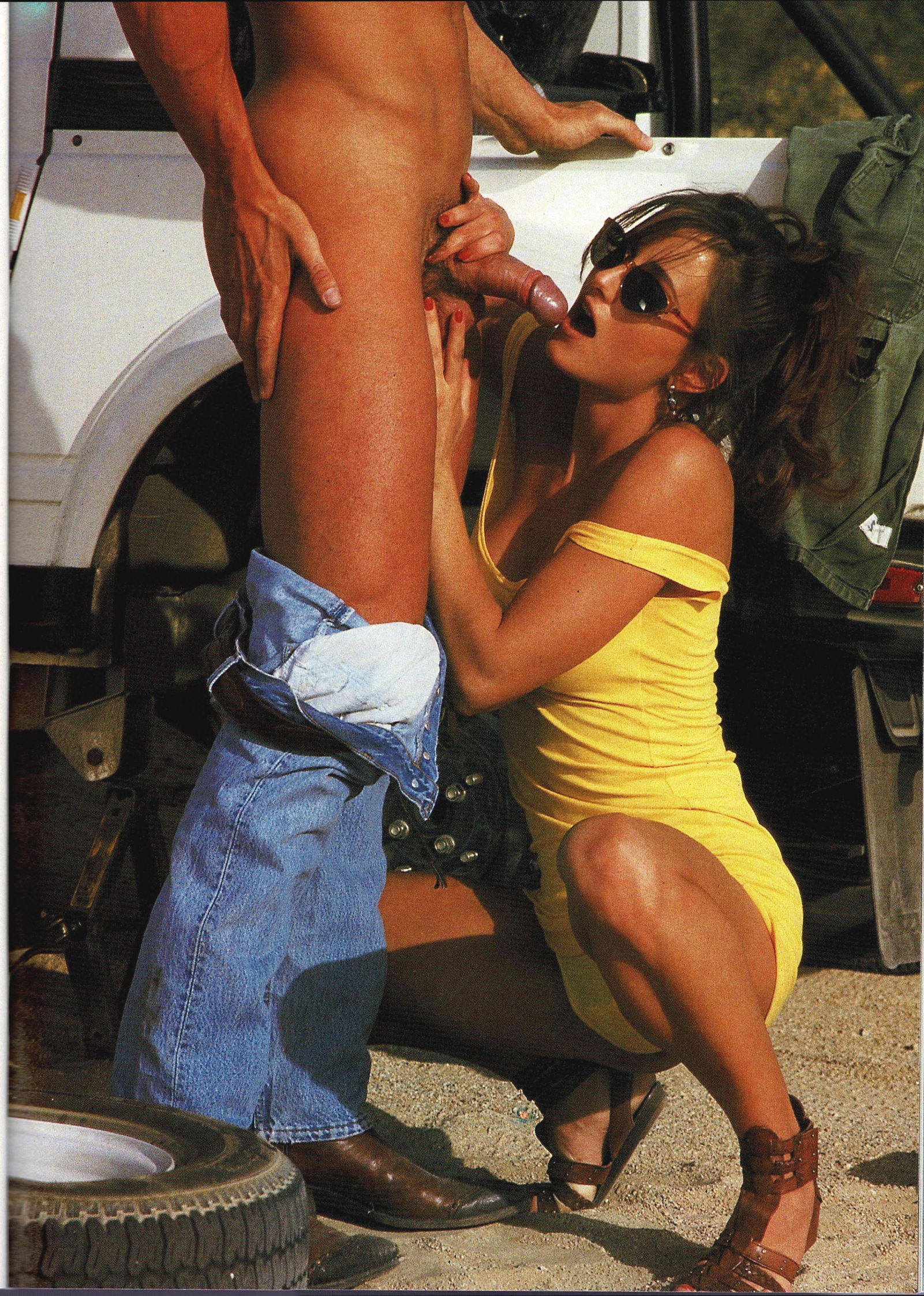
Photography by John Harroll

Mark had gone bush for a few weeks and was hitching his way back to the big smoke. Charlie had just ended a stormy affair and was heading out to a new city to start over.





When she saw Mark by the side of the road, Charlie decided that to break the monotony of the desert she would give him a ride.
 On the pretext of a flat wheel, she asked Mark if he had a jack.
 In the desert sun, things heated up quickly. Charlie began to simmer when Mark said he thought she needed a full service not just a wheel change.





Charlie obliged quickly and soon they were firing on all cylinders. On the back of the convertible, Mark and Charlie got each others' motors racing and after a while they were both in top gear.





As the afternoon wore on, they turned a simple pit-stop into a complete overhaul. They left no parts uninspected and by the time the sun had set, they both knew that they were running in perfect working order.





Words and
Photos By
Steve Levitt

BOND 38

Photojournalist Steve Levitt has survived the land-mines, sub-zero temperatures and general madness of Iran. Now he's in Bangkok with \$20,000 stuffed in his boots and a hunch about a story on the Cambodian border.



Bangkok. Seven in the morning and the heat from the tarmac slapped me in the face like a hot, wet towel. Damp smells and flashbacks remind me of the first time I came to Thailand, just after the Vietnam War. Bangkok was a whore-city then, reeking of a petrol perfume. The bars that never closed were empty except for the hookers in their split-to-the-hip, tight dresses. There were girls with long black hair; girls dressed as cowgirls, all fringes and stars, miming country and western tunes in empty bars with names like "The Texan Lone Star." The party was over, the Johns had gone home and the industry was choking from the lack of pent-up semen.

But it's an ache more than a memory which keeps bringing me back here; that and a thick wad of US dollars stuck down in my boots.

The sun rose like a ball of rancid butter in the nicotine sky. As I flagged down a cab and launched into the heavy-metal madness of Bangkok traffic, the city had begun to cook.

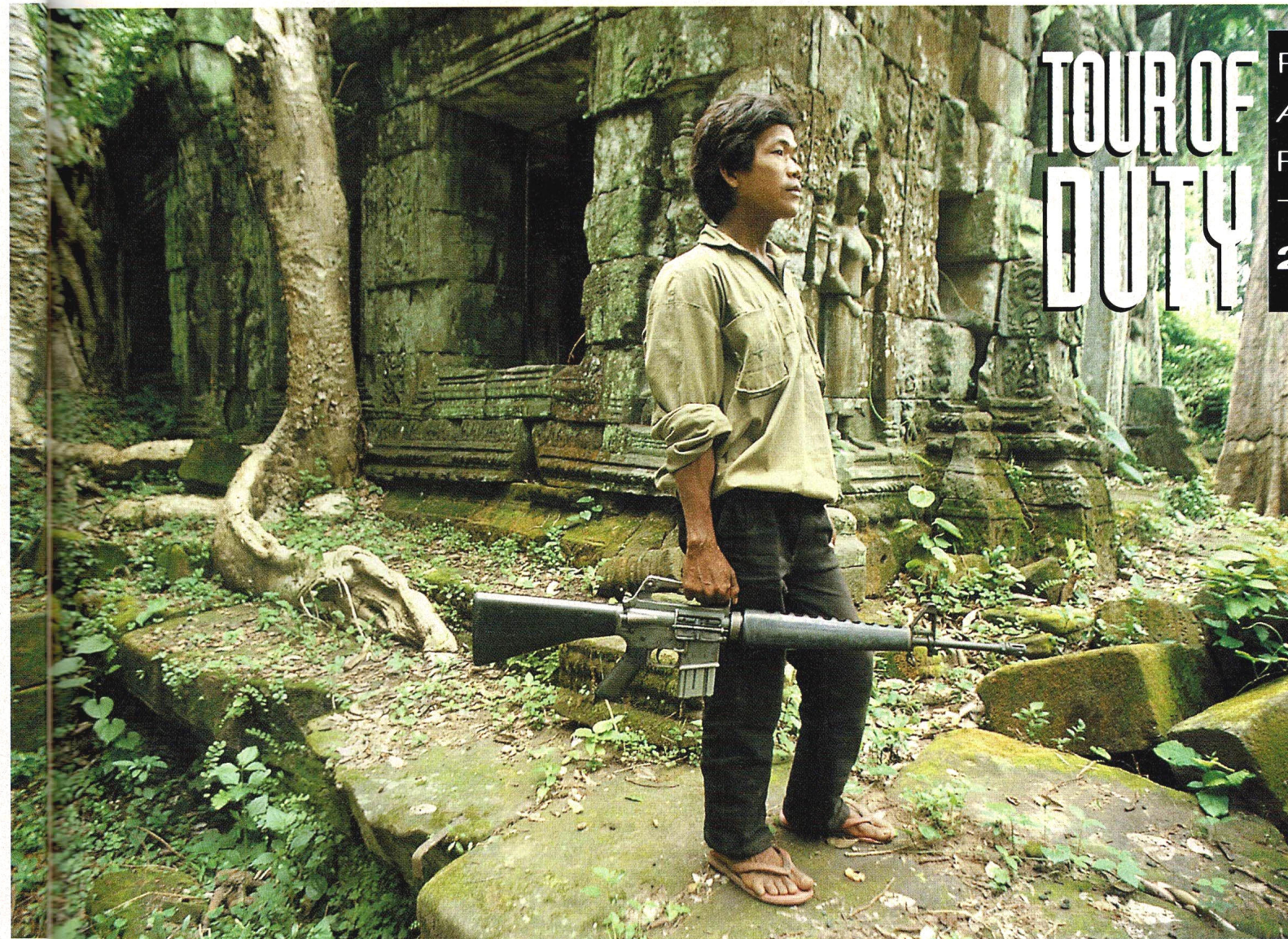
My old haunt, The Bangkok Palace Hotel, was full of foreigners. From the window of my air-conditioned room, I could see the Hilton with its green vines cascading from concrete terraces. From there the slums sprawl outward in a cancer of corrugated iron. I threw down a Thai beer and made my way down to the foyer. I was looking for a special kind of person: a fixer.

The front of the hotel was the usual hustle of pimps and cab drivers. I picked the one who hustled the hardest. A solid man with a hard face, black eyes and a nervous tick. Rows of campaign ribbons from Cambodia, Laos and Vietnam were pinned to the fake fur dash of his Toyota Crown. Across the tinted windshield a lurid sticker read "James Bond 007."

"That's me," he said. "You call me Bond 38, I am your guide." The huge hand that tapped between the steering wheel and the gear shift carried a bracelet which looked like it was made of gold railway ties. It spelled out "BOND" in diamonds. Around his neck he wore a thick gold chain with three gold Buddhas. On his right index finger was a gold and diamond ring the size of a small knuckle-duster. He was frigging bizarre. I had found my fixer, now I needed information.

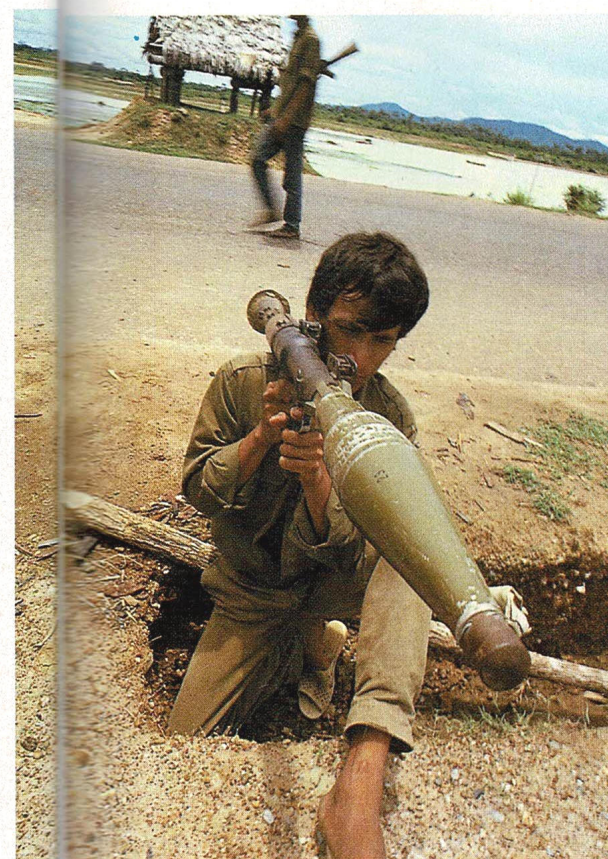
"The Dussedani Hotel please driver."

After talking to the hangers-on at the Foreign Correspondence Club, I came away with two story ideas: the *Karen*, a guerrilla group who were getting the shit kicked out of them by the government forces; and the *Khmer Rouge*, who were spiriting refugees out



TOUR OF DUTY

PART 2



of Thai border camps and taking them back into the jungle at gun-point. If I had picked the right man, then Mr Bond could take me into Burma and Cambodia without any official fuss.

It was getting dark when Bond picked me up at my hotel to take me to the Thai boxing. The Thai are mad betters and on a good night you can choke on the excitement. The betting starts as the fighters warm up in the ring. The punters watch the fight from behind a cyclone fence and wads of cash flash like fish through water.

In the ring the combatants are lightning fast: sweat and blood sprays over the ringside audience as furious roundhouse kicks split muscle from bone. The pink spray speckles the lenses of the video cameras waved around by flaccid white men, whose horrified wives sit front row among the blood and the spittle trying not to pass out. While Bond was still high from the fights, I told him I wanted to go into Cambodia, "preferably tomorrow."

The army runs the vice in Bangkok. Everybody works for a general. Bond worked as a pimp and an enforcer for several cathouses belonging to a general,

so he did nothing without getting clearance. We drove to a four-storey building that was located in the new red-light district. Bond found the man he was looking for and left me in the foyer. The cavernous room was divided in half by a glass partition. Behind the glass sat nearly a hundred Thai girls aged between 16 and 23. They were dressed in Roman togas split to the thigh and were competing for the attention of half a dozen seedy looking Europeans. They were like angelfish in an aquarium with a lot of randy pink piranhas prowling outside the tank.

I caught up to Bond in a bar that looked like a kung-fu version of *Star Wars*. The smoke-filled room was dark and a sad-eyed girl in a red dress crooned Thai pop tunes while trapped in a circle of cold blue light. The bar was full of local heavies who moved among the tables while talking in low voices and trading in commodities and lives. For a while Bond talked to a man who was offering two million dollars to anyone who could get a definite location on American MIAs. "We know 60 of them go Laos end of war," Bond told me later. "Laos my special territory but boss say

BOND 38

too dangerous. But OK tomorrow we go Kampuchea, danger no problem for you!"

Bond wanted me to change hotels "for security reasons." I rang a friend in Australia and marked Bond's card just in case I was being set up. I am not overly cautious but I am vindictive and paranoid. Bond picked me up at four thirty and we drove at great speed along dark alleys, stopping beside the garage where his Chinese girlfriend ran her hairdressing school. Lee was in her thirties and looked like the classical Chinese doll. She spoke Cambodian and Vietnamese which could come in handy. Bond had me change into a Thai Army uniform and with the air-conditioner blasting we roared off into the blackness.

Four in the morning is serious downtime for me and I struggled in conversation with Bond to keep myself awake. We discussed his lifestyle, how he does money runs to Japan and a friend of his who has "many Thai girls working in Australia." He explained: "You take girl, he pay ticket, get visa, no problem and give you 20,000 baht (A\$1100). You talk, he kill you, no problem. Next time you come Bangkok you bring your girlfriend. She stay with my girlfriend and we do business. Many white girls come here from Australia, make three hundred dollar a night sleep with Arab." Bond was an amoral entrepreneur. Everything that happened on this earth presented itself to Bond as a potential revenue-earner, even war.

From underneath a cover on his dash, Bond produced a photo. A torn, dog-eared square of encapsulated time, where a youthful Bond stood with four US soldiers with Mohawk hair cuts. They all had the lean physiques of special forces types and wore the expressions of hungry wolves.

They are grinning hugely and holding decapitated heads in their hands. "Pathet Lao," said Bond by way of explanation. "Communists!"

Bond had had an interesting life. His father had been a policeman and at the tender age of 13, Bond had helped him assassinate two generals during a power struggle in the military. "We no get paid for it. We just obey orders. My father not very much liked. One day I watch him parachute, it no open, bang." After that things were tough. He had joined the army at age 15. "I train to be Thai boxer, very popular in army. I go everywhere. My boss, the general, he say I to work CIA, go photograph Ho Chi Minh's camps in Laos. The pilot he afraid, fly very high. We have to jump at night time, counting ... counting ... then open shoot 200 metres. Land six kilometre from target. Lao soldiers and VC everywhere. CIA man very good, he

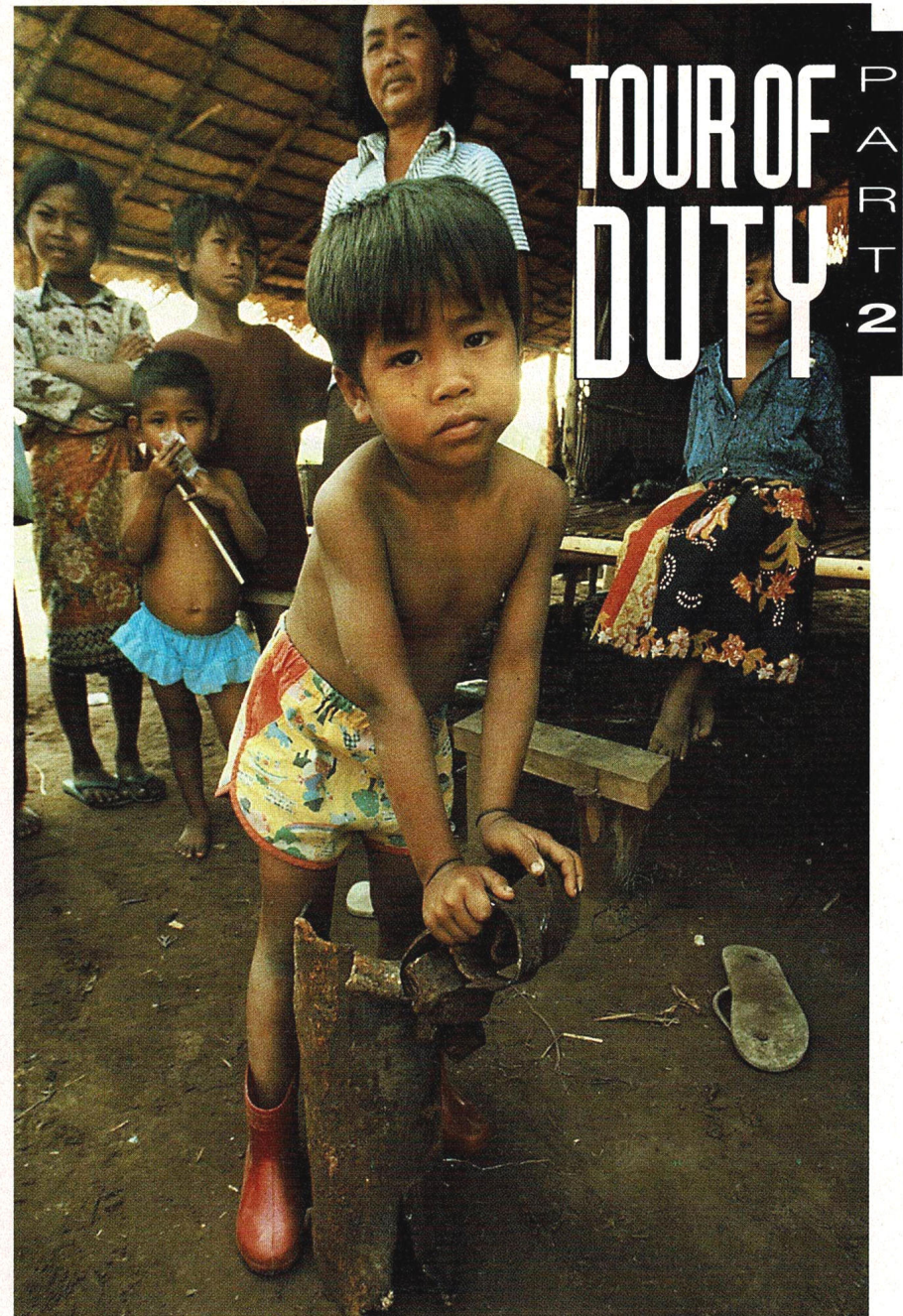
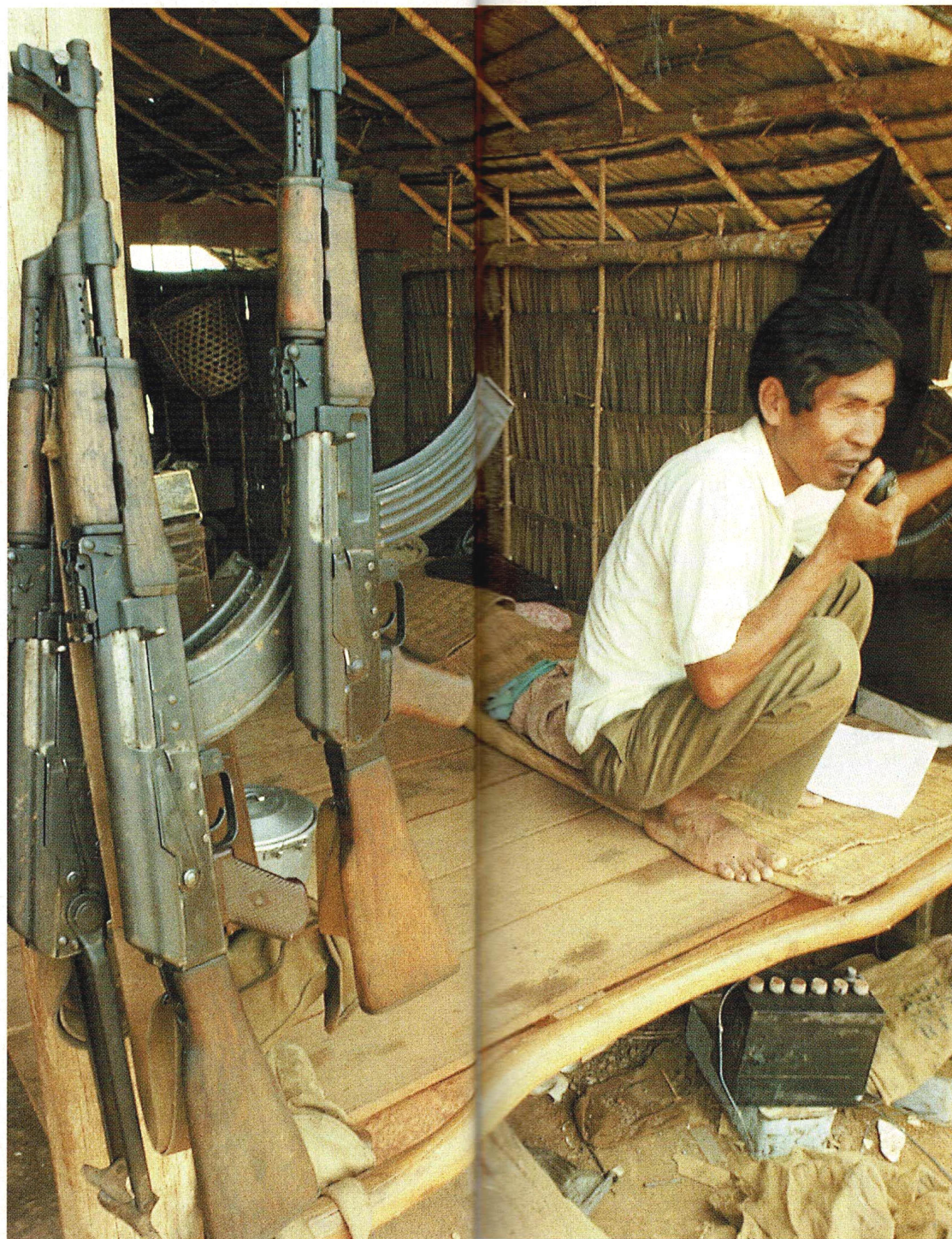
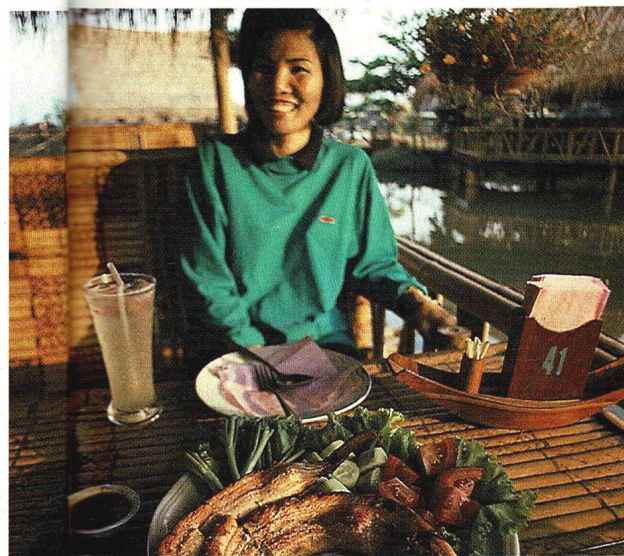
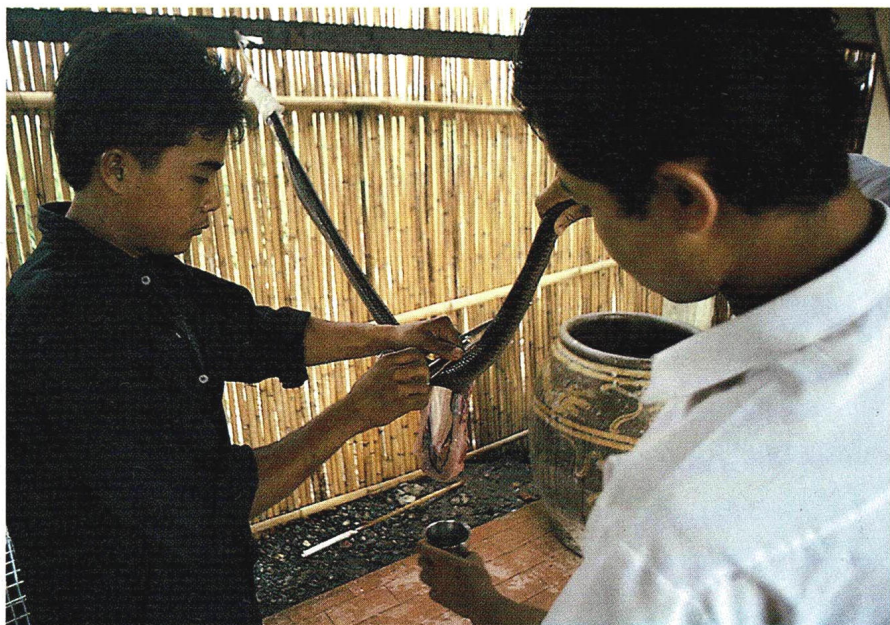
find headquarters and take photos. He want to walk out. I say no, too many soldiers, we take river. He take camera and film and leave. We take river, 14 days no food, sleep day time, swim with tree at night. No worry crocodile, no worry snake. Two die, fall to sleep maybe, we no find them. One month later CIA man walk out ... no camera, no film, no gun, gone crazy. CIA say 'no film no pay.'"

A truck suddenly swerved onto our side of the road. Bond spun our vehicle off the road, around the truck and continued as though nothing had happened. "Driver on dope, fall asleep." I felt as though my arse had been macramed to the seat.

Bond's hand tapped nervously on the gear shift and he continued, "So my boss say still work CIA, I take team into Laos." Bond retrieved another dog-eared photo. It showed young Thai soldiers naked to the waste, bandoliers of ammunition draped around shoulders, their muscles like twisted sandshoes. "CIA pay 300 baht (A\$15) for thumb, 200 baht for eye or ear, plus you get one Becks beer. My team make good money."

His eyes flicked between the road and the photo. He picked out each man in the nine-man team. He named them then told me how they died — christening them and burying them in the same moment. Bond had the Asian trait of disassembling his emotions. He giggled and put the photo away.

After four hours of furious driving we arrived at a Thai Army base where we were supposed to pick up a special forces colonel in the border patrol. I sat in the car with tinted windows and my sunglasses on, turning day into night. The colonel joined us and we went to the town-square for breakfast. I had paid a lot of money up-front to have the colonel's help and now he was saying he couldn't make the trip because he had a parade. There I was in Thai Army uniform and around us bustled four hundred Thai soldiers neat as pins,



bristling to be inspected. The soldiers did not notice me; it was like I was invisible. I probably looked like just another western spook to them. God knows there are enough of them in this tattered corner of the globe.

Bond tried to resolve the situation as I tucked into a breakfast of shrimp in coconut sauce, a small bird which had been mashed with a hammer and covered in salt, and a rabbit that had ran foul of napalm and was buried in a landslide of rice. I made a mental note to carry Corn Flakes in future, but they probably wouldn't sit well with the brandy Bond had bought me on the premise that nearly all journalists were alcoholics.

After breakfast, a tough-looking sergeant in a black uniform with a skull and crossbone emblem on his lapel, jumped into the car and we simply drove into Cambodia.

The bush is very much like North Queensland, dry and hot. Following the

sergeant's directions, we bounced down several dusty tracks before leaving the vehicle and making our way on foot. We came upon the *Khmer* village suddenly. Bond and the sergeant were pushing me to work quickly. There were mostly women and children in the camp. A few young soldiers lay in their hammocks — some were missing limbs, others were in comas from their wounds. A stream of children followed us as I went snapping pictures. I handed out some cakes I had brought with me and immediately started a food riot.

After I'd been working for nearly half an hour, Bond became extremely anxious. We were in a hot zone marked by the distant barking of automatic fire. I was trying to find someone who spoke English when the village emptied around me.

A small, angry man in a white shirt

Continued on page 96

HEATHER fetish

Photography by Andre Felix



With her jet-black hair and superbly proportioned body, 22-year-old Heather Sweet looks like a cross between a Chinese doll and a classical statue. But Heather is far from being a shy, pretty little flower willing to be admired from afar.





"To say that I'm kinky is an understatement. I love the feel of tight leather on my skin and I like my sex to be wild and animalistic."

Heather is a mild-mannered administrative assistant by day, but when darkness falls she lets out the vamp that has been straining to break free.

"If some of the people I work with saw me when I was out partying, they wouldn't believe their eyes. When they see these photographs, I reckon they'll get the shock of their lives."





Heather has travelled extensively through Asia, America and Canada but she says that she still has a deep desire to see Africa.
 "I'm really attracted by the idea of the place being really wild. Nothing turns me on more than basic primitive instincts and Africa is ruled by them."
 For the time being Heather is still content to live her double life and when it suits her she unleashes the beast within her.







"I'm very proud of the way I look and I work hard to keep my body in shape. So why shouldn't I show it off? I'm a true exhibitionist and I get really turned on by knowing that men are looking hungrily at my body."

When she's not on the catwalk, Jennifer can be found volunteering to work on archaeological digs. Her interest in ancient history has taken her to Egypt, South America and Kenya.



"One thing I like about the ancient cultures is that the women were often in control. They could do things like have multiple lovers or have male slaves. That idea really appeals to me."
This intense Gemini says that her most memorable sexual encounter was making love at night in the shadows of the pyramids of Egypt.
"That night was fantastic," she says, "because it combined my two favourite things — sex and archaeology."







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Continued from page 87

came running up to us screaming something and suddenly we were surrounded by young men with AK47s. They were wearing Chinese Army uniforms and I knew they were *Khmer Rouge*. The afternoon began to grow old. The official waved a book at me and screamed something like, "monkey hole." Bond was talking all the time, talking ... talking ... talking. A soldier ripped the camera from my hand, took the film out and exposed it before giving the camera to the official. I tried to retrieve it and got slammed in the back with a rifle butt for my troubles. Bond looked at me and I regained my feet while trying not to show any expression. From here on in, it was going to be touch and go. The official and the soldiers took us back to the car where a long debate continued. During all this time my highly-paid soldier said nothing.

In the end we paid the comrade a large sum of money and he let us go. He knew that if he zapped a border-patrol soldier it would rain on him from the Thai side. The Khmer in this region are secretly armed and supported by elements in the Thai Army. Whatever the case, I had a bad back, no story and no film. I was not happy.

On the drive back to Bangkok we picked up Bond's girlfriend then stopped several times to shop, which did nothing to improve my mood. I was still sore

about the money I had lost so I told Bond he owed me dinner. The sun was setting when we pulled into a bamboo garden restaurant floating on a lily-green pond. Around the restaurant were tanks with crocodiles and turtles, cages full of bats, monkeys, eagles, and two large cat-like animals with black and white fur and bulging purple luminescent eyes. "Zoo?" I asked. "Menu," he said and ordered us up a couple of local cobras, before adding, "the Germans love this place."

By now the brandy was mixing with the disappointment and the relief to form a fairly twisted emotional cocktail. The cage full of cobras was undiplomatically placed beside a wire basket full of fretting mongooses. A Thai boy reached in and extracted a six-foot snake and quickly wound a bandage around its head, holding it by its tail he attached the bandaged head to the wall and ran a razor-sharp knife along its gut.

Another Thai boy held a glass at the end of the writhing snake and it quickly filled up with a bright-pink fluid. Into the cup of blood the second boy popped the contents of the snake's gall bladder turning the pink into a plum-red. Bond said the Thai equivalent to, "Drink it Freddy." So I did.

It tasted like hot brandy and within a few minutes I felt my heart surging. The snake, still writhing, was gutted and for five minutes I watched its lonely heart beat on the concrete floor.

The barbecued cobra tasted like chicken with a lot of very fine bones.

By the time we finished dinner my pulse was roaring in my ears and I was beginning to hallucinate.

We dropped Bond's girlfriend home and he decided that what I needed more than anything on this earth was a massage. I had changed from brandy to beer in an effort to control the feeling that I was actually turning into a very large, twisting snake. Bonds "uncle" ran a cathouse called the "Honey Hotel" where a girl called Marie took me by the hand and led me like a puppy past a set of lilos leaning up against the wall. The room we found was large, accommodating a king-size bed and a spa bath. A waitress bought me a beer and Marie stripped me of my soaking fatigues. The blood and the brandy were slurring my speech and I was beginning to get muscle contractions. Inside my mind I felt my consciousness honing down to a fine point. Laser thoughts ricocheted inside my head like diamond bullets. Staring around the mirrored walls, the bright-red sheets of the bed lunged out at me. Time expanded while the spa bath filled and Marie gave my fingers and toes a manicure — an amazing feeling in a sensitised state.

Marie was 24 but looked 17. Her body — when her loose dress fell away — was perfect; except for a long, thin vertical scar on her ribs just below her pointed breasts. She told me the story behind the scar but my brain was beyond logic or memory. The bubble-bath was as hot as I could take and every sensation seemed amplified to the point of torture. The snake sat having his whole body scrubbed pink and shiny before being led to lie on a wet lilo beside the bath. Marie covered me in oil and launched her body over my back. Every nerve in my body screamed with pleasure as she oozed and flipped over my body. Her rolling elbows and pneumatic backside turned my spine into jello. The hallucinations were peaking as we moved back to the bright-red sheets. I remember looking in the mirror to see my own face — the flat neck and the dead, black eyes of the cobra. Lying on the bed was a fierce sexual totem, two snakes coiled together, squirming in coitus.

Bond poured the car out into liquid traffic. It was four in the morning and we were speeding when the motorcycle cop pulled us over. All I could see was his pistol as he leant against the window. Bond slipped him a 50 baht note, the cop held up the traffic and waved us back into the stream. "That's what we call the Bangkok goose," he giggled. "You get plenty sleep. Tomorrow we drive up to Burma, plenty war there." I thanked him and crashed onto the bed in my hotel room. I had been in Thailand 48 hours and I was \$1500 lighter. But some days are like that. ☪

born to Do It



Photography by Steve Easton

When Jennifer was born 24 years ago, everyone was confident that she would turn out to be beautiful. Both her parents were fashion models and she was up on the catwalk as early as age three. Her natural grace and poise have lead to fashion work all over the world and she says that modelling is the only career she could have chosen.

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BY JOSEPH ALLBEURY
PHOTO BY GEOFF HOWDEN

on the break

Has the nine ball revolution
hit Australia?

"Nine ball is rotation pool. The balls are pocketed in number order. The only ball that means anything is the nine. The player can shoot eight trick shots in a row, blow the nine, and lose."

With these words, *The Colour of Money* opened the concluding chapter in the tale of Fast Eddie Felson, made famous 25 years earlier in *The Hustler*.

In 1961, Felson was up against Minnesota Fats playing straight pool,

14-point, one-pocket billiards.

In the Eighties, the atmosphere surrounding the game was changing. The smoky bars and the hustlers were slowly being replaced by a cleaner image. The game itself was also changing — nine ball was here.



on the break

Riding on a wave of popularity across the Pacific, nine ball is slowly beginning to claim more and more space in Australian pool halls.

Of the 22 different types of pool around the world, nine ball or pocket billiards as it sometimes known, is the most wide-spread and fastest-growing.

The game is still in its infancy in Australia. But in the US, play is so popular that nine ball is tipped to be a demonstration sport at the Olympic Games in Atlanta.

Likewise, visit Japan, Hong Kong, Singapore, Germany, or a hundred other countries, find a pool hall and you'll find them playing nine ball.

It's the only pool game played at a professional level in international competition. If there's a tournament, it will always include nine ball.

As the name suggests, only nine balls are racked up instead of the traditional 15. The object of the game is to be the first to sink the nine ball on a legal shot. This may happen after the other eight balls are sunk in their prescribed sequence, or it may happen earlier.

An expert can sink the nine ball off the break and win. Similarly, a good player will cannon the nine in-off another ball well before the eight ball's number comes up.

The rule is that the cue ball must strike the lowest numbered ball on the table first. After that, if any ball including the cue ball causes the nine to go in, that player wins.

There's no bigs and smalls rule. There are nine balls on the table and both players are shooting at the same set. If you miss a shot but leave the ball set up for the next player, then that's your bad luck.

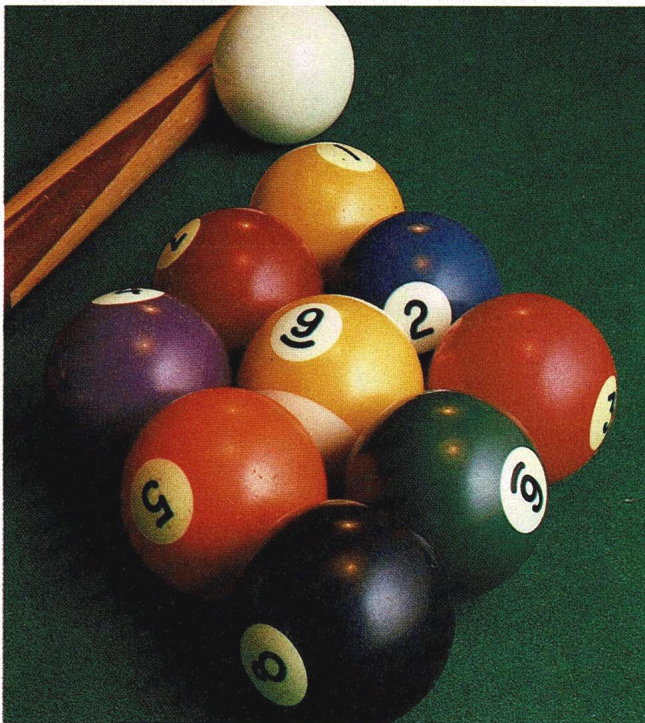
New South Wales pool champion, Brian Budd, says, "Nine ball's growing rapidly and fast becoming one of this country's premier cue sports."

"People want to see balls potted from all over the table. It's an attacking game and there's huge prize money at the end of the rainbow."

"Championships in the US have purses of 20 to 50,000 dollars and the Las Vegas Open is around the \$65,000 mark."

The days of prowling clubs and hustling a fast buck are well and truly over. Under-the-table bets are being replaced by competitions rich in cash and prizes. Money won is still twice as sweet as money earned, only now it seems the methods are legitimate.

Organisers of the recently staged 1992 Peter Jackson Australian Eight Ball Championships claimed that the event initially encompassed some 1500 venues across the country in an effort to find



The nine-ball rack — by sinking the nine-ball the game can be won off the break, provided the cue-ball strikes the one-ball first.

Australia's top pool player.

More than 100,000 players were tipped to chalk up at locations ranging from outback Queensland pubs to trendy Melbourne nightclubs. Prizes at stake were valued at over \$10,000 and finalists were treated to a free trip to Hamilton Island to decide the overall winner.

Since Peter Johnston, manager of the Highwayman's Hotel at Hornsby in NSW, started up a Tuesday night pool competition 12 months ago, his nightly takings have more than doubled. Running one of the largest public bars in Sydney, the hotel is also recognised as having the largest stakes of any pub event.

Johnston says he has regular weekly competitions with smaller purses, but he adds, "two or three times a year we hold a \$5000 round with about 80 runners. For that one, we have people from as far away as Brisbane showing up."

On the Highwayman's five tables, eight ball is still the name of the game. "We haven't seen a lot of nine ball to date but it's slowly starting to creep in," added Johnston.

On the other side of town, Darron Wolper, one of the managers at the Family Inn at Rydalmere, speaks with a little more conviction. "Personally, I could play nine ball every day and much prefer it to eight ball because it requires a lot more skill. It's a combination of billiards, snooker and pool and it's a much more talented game."

The Family Inn's pool room is one of the showcase venues in Sydney, and its ten tables that make up the facility play host to some of the premier pool tourna-

ments in this country.

The inaugural Australian nine ball Championships were contested here. "We had a huge response to the championships," continued Wolper, "it was the first time the event had been staged, so it was good because it's a new game. There were no professional nine ball players but we had all the snooker players from around Australia. It was absolutely packed."

There is, however, an economic obstacle in the path of nine ball becoming a household word. The average pub player doesn't want to pay the same for a game of pool using 15 balls as he does for a game using nine. Nor does that punter want to pay the

same for a 15 minute game as he does for one that could end immediately after the break.

"What people don't realise," explained Eddie Charlton, "is that a game of nine ball can take longer [than eight ball] if you play the snookers and take advantage of the rules. The two are really not in the same class."

As Australia's greatest exponent of cue sports, 63-year-old Charlton is still rated as the number one all-rounder in the world. When not in England contesting the five million pound prize stakes on the professional snooker circuit, he spends his remaining time in Australia playing exhibition games. As part of these, he has also been preaching the nine ball gospel.

One of Charlton's comrades-in-arms and likewise a professional snooker player of some renown, Ian Anderson, has also been instrumental in establishing an Australian nine ball fraternity.

"After I had gone to Las Vegas for the 1991 World Nine Ball Championships, I had a talk with some people from the local industry and we got together and formed our own association. We ran our championship in January 1992 to find players to go to the World Championships which were held in Taiwan."

Anderson is also a member of the World Pool/Billiard Association and is on the board of the world body. He now represent the recently formed Australasian Pool Association.

It was, in fact, the world body — The International Confederation of Billiard

Pure Gold.

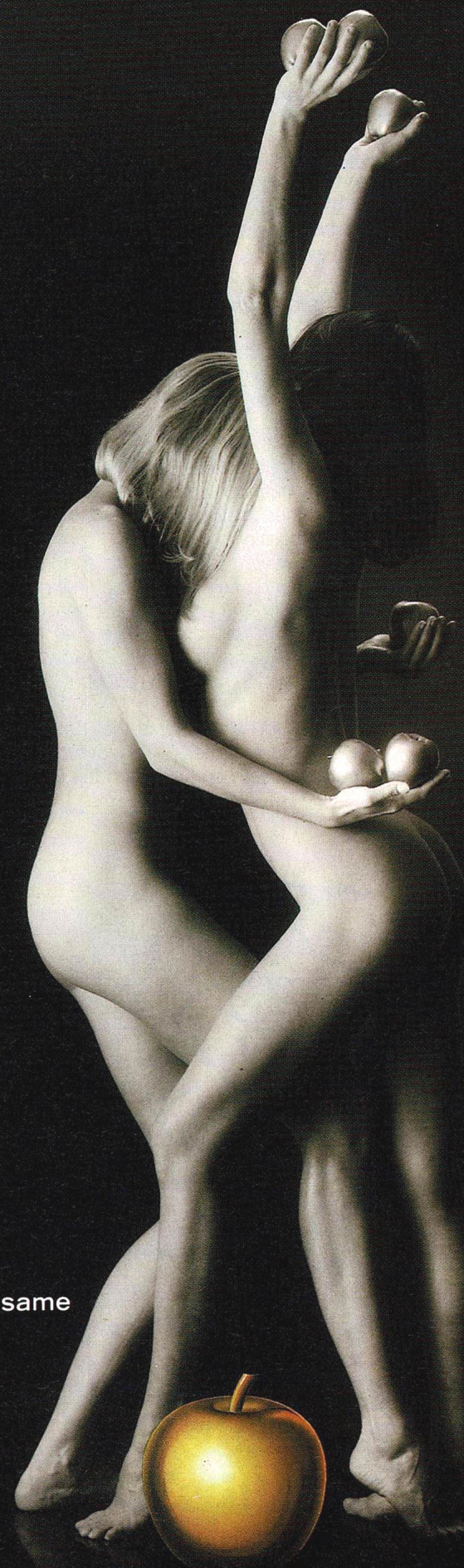
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on the break

Sports — that approached the Olympic committee about having a cue sport in the next Games. Nine ball was put forward as the sport to be represented.

The reasons for this were perhaps two-fold. Firstly, with the Games being held in Atlanta, pool is much more acceptable than, say, snooker. And secondly, nine ball has a lot more spectator appeal. The balls are all numbered and it's easy to follow. There can also be upset results.

With North America and Japan representing the strongest following, England is also tipped to be joining the European circuit in the near future. The game is already played extensively in Korea, the Philippines, Indonesia, Singapore and Taiwan. It also looks like Puerto Rico, Mexico, Cuba and some of the South American countries are going to be involved.

Facilities within our own country are also improving. American Pool Tables, nine ball tables, are slowly starting to appear in many of the pool rooms around the country.

The tables differ in many ways to the standard three-and-a-half by seven foot pub table. The American tables are either four by eight foot or the championship size is four-and-a-half by nine foot. The

pockets are generally twice the size of regular pool table pockets and the balls are American two-and-a-quarter inches, whereas Aussie tables typically use standard two-inch balls.

As Anderson points out, this has its advantages. "Because of the style of the table, the balls and the larger pockets, beginners find it easy to pot a few balls. Get them on a snooker table and they find the whole proposition too daunting, they become disenchanted with it and give it away.

"But the better you get at nine ball, the more difficult the game becomes. You're going for the extra shots to try to sink the nine early and playing for safety becomes harder. Its quite amazing how difficult the game can get."

Charlton agrees: "It's easier to pocket balls at pool, but where most people make their mistakes is with cue ball control. They can pot two or three balls in a row but then they lose position. In nine ball, that positioning is vital."

And to watch Charlton play, the truth of these words ring home. The shots he plays are with the precision of a master. He pockets a ball, and makes sure the cue ball is perfectly positioned for the next shot. It's that easy and it's that hard.

Brian Budd also agrees that position is everything and there's only one game to cut your teeth on. "To learn the art of

nine ball, you need a natural ability at snooker. To tune your pool game throughout your career, you continually fall back on snooker and billiards to practice."

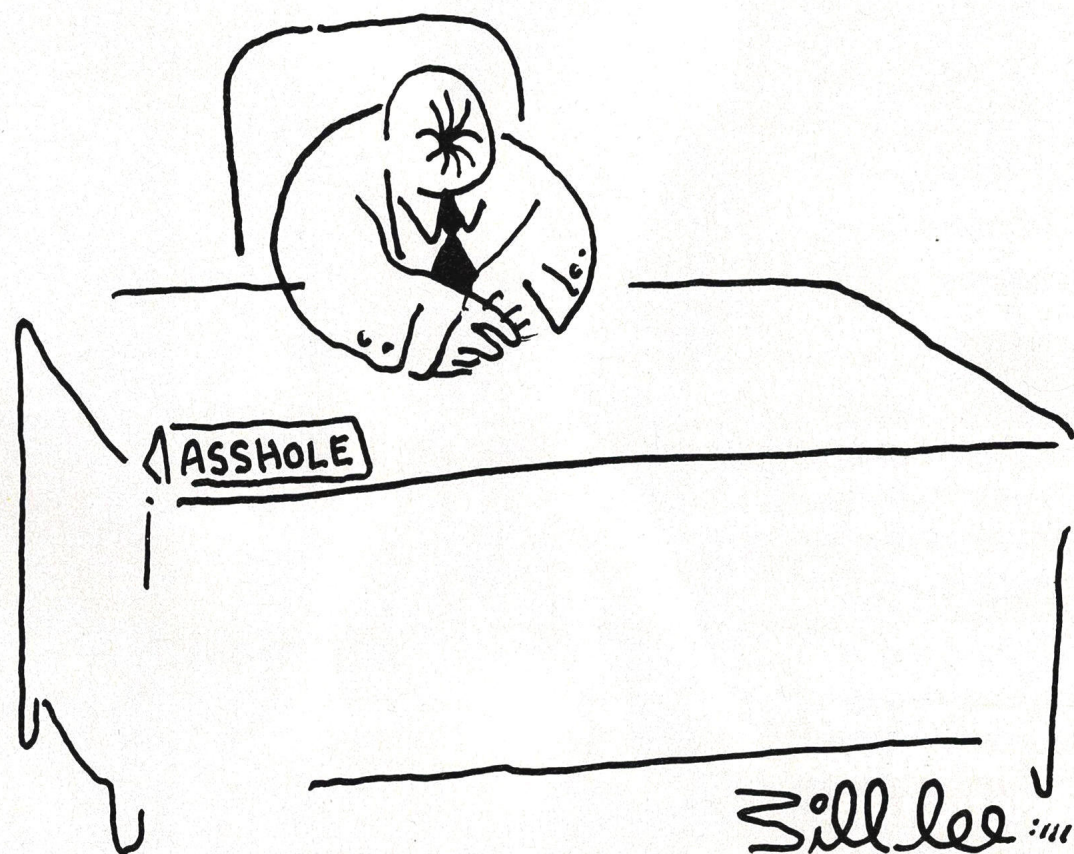
Nine ball is a fast-paced game that will be enjoyed by player and spectator alike. Each time a shot is played, there's a chance of a ball being potted. If that player misses, then an opportunity is provided for the incomer.

The skill is to sink a ball and then make sure you're in a position to sink the next ball in sequence, then the next. In eight ball, the choice is wider, but in nine ball, after one shot, the cue ball must end up at a specific part of the table because there is only one ball that can be struck next.

It's definitely a more skilled game than the pool sports we've been used to in Australia, and one that is being praised by all who taste its wares. With competitions around the world dangling a dollar-shaped carrot for all and sundry to pursue, plus possible inclusion in the next Olympics, nine ball is set to take off.

"Nine ball is opening up and strengthening," concludes Budd. "The prize money is going up and we'll have a team to take on the world, in the near future.

"We've got the potting ability, we're better than the Americans. We can out pot them, but the question is, can we out play them?" 



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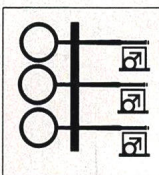
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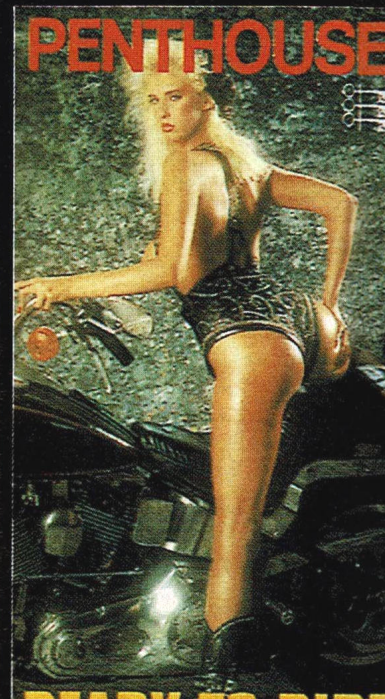
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temptress. This quality film revolves around an ageing boxer trying to recapture his youth and a typist trying to make a living. There couldn't be two people with less in common, but that doesn't stop them.

T O R D E R :

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feminism

Continued from page 54

that much, she'd want to do it a lot better."

But what would happen if the government paid people to stay at home and do those things that belong to the traditional wife role?

1) Thousands of women and men would kill each other in the rush to get back into home-making. It's an activity that plenty of people would opt for right now, for free, except that couples feel they can no longer get by on one wage.

2) If more men than women took up this option, feminists would complain that men stay at home and do nothing for pay while women go out to earn money and do work of value.

THE NEW RELATIONSHIPS

Everything has changed for women and isn't it all so much better? In the "bad old days", women lived in a wasteland of suburban despair. Women's lives were an endless round of mind-numbing domestic duties while all around the country men went off to jobs as senior vice-presidents of major advertising firms. Now, many women work just as men do. They no longer stay at home and raise the kids and they have to cope with their anger that feminism has not delivered what it promised — that women would be happier if they did what men were doing. Not that it matters, because if a woman feels that feminism

has done her wrong, she still has the opportunity of returning to the traditional role whenever she wants. Dropping out of manhood, however, is an option few guys have and no feminist wants to give him. Only women, in this society, get a choice of roles.

POSITIVE DISCRIMINATION

Positive Discrimination is the name given to a policy specifically designed to legalise discrimination against men. How is it justified? It isn't. Under Positive Discrimination, government bodies and private companies alike must show that women are being advanced in their organisations. This process need pay no regard to any talent or qualification other than gender! Such legislation ensures that men with higher academic or work-related skills and years of long service can be passed over in favour of women less qualified than themselves. And the men will be left with no legal redress. This is just a bald-faced con being perpetrated by impatient, queue-jumping yuppies who want to take advantage of the current anti-man fashion.

FEMINIST PSYCHOLOGY

The main purpose of feminist psychology is to explain how men who criticise feminism are mentally ill. This is usually done by saying that such men: 1) Hate and fear women. 2) Envy women. 3) Are afraid to expose their "vulnerability." 4) Have a small penis. 5) Are afraid to lose their penis. 6) Are exhibiting over-compensating, macho behaviour in order to

disguise feelings of homosexual latency.

Unfortunately, an awful lot of men have bought this. No-one wants to be known as a small-weenied closet fag who's afraid of women. In order to give an aura of scientific respectability to this abuse, feminist psychology has borrowed a lot of terms and concepts from Freud. Chief among these is the theory of penis envy which is defined as the subconscious desire of all women to possess a penis. Finding this an objectionable concept, feminists tried to replace it with womb envy, wherein men were supposed to envy women, their wombs and their procreative powers. But that idea was abandoned when it was discovered that half of all males didn't even know what a womb was and those who did, didn't want to think about it. An alternative analysis of the male psyche explains that opposition to feminism is rooted in a deep-seated castration complex. Men feel threatened by female power. This is an accusation which is supposed to make men say, "No, I'm not afraid of you. Go ahead, take my job."

PROSTITUTION

Most feminists agree that a woman has the right to do what she wishes with her body. On the other hand, it isn't okay for men to do what they want with their bodies, and feminism wants men who go to prostitutes arrested. In other words, it's okay for a woman to be a prostitute, but it isn't okay for a man to go to one. You may think that this is a double standard. But what would you know?

EQUALITY IN ALL THINGS

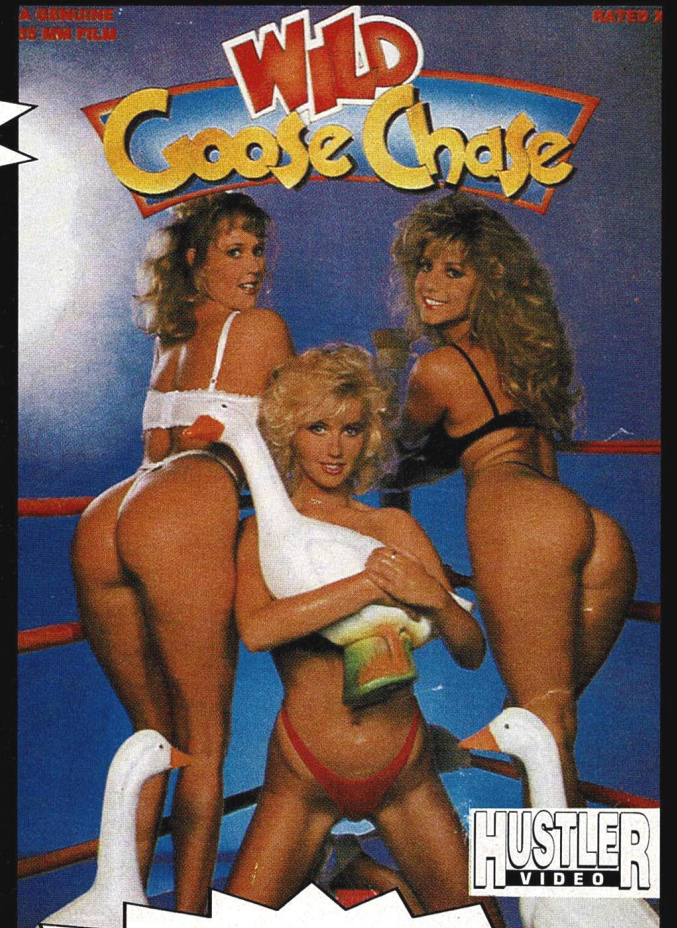
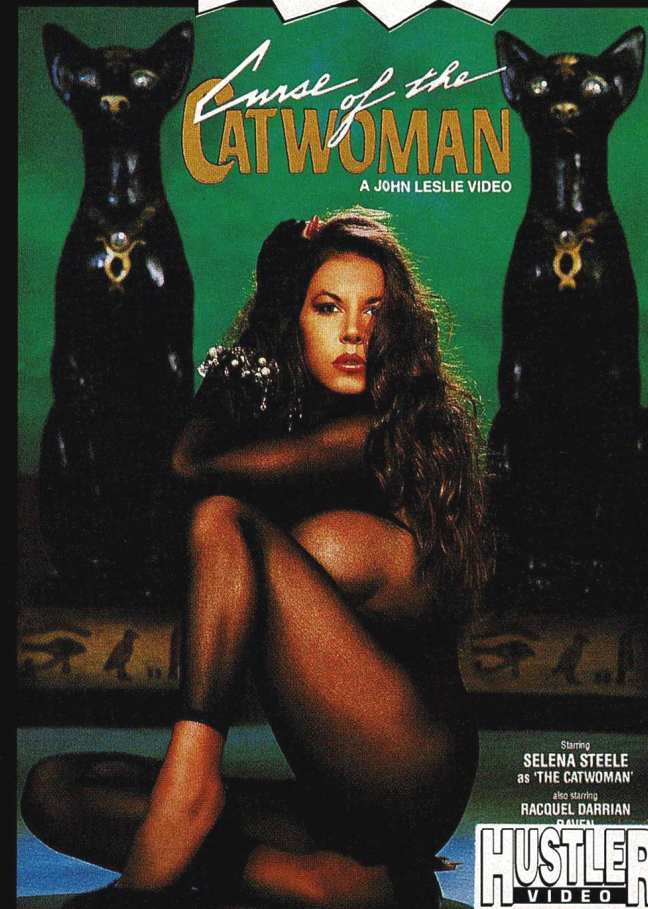
One of the central demands of feminism in its early years was "equal pay for work of equal value." Feminism is now seeking "equal pay outcomes." This means that society should attempt to equalise male and female incomes generally, without regard to their jobs or what the market thinks they are worth. An example should clarify the concept for you: professional tennis. In professional tennis, almost every Grand Slam tournament now provides equal prize money for both men and women even though the standard of female tennis is inferior to male tennis. Women held six out of the top twelve positions in the 1991 list of international tennis prize money earners, yet realistically not one of those six could hold a place in a list of the world's top 100 male players. To earn this "fairer" prize money the women play only three sets while the men have to play five.

CONSPIRACY THEORY

The world is the way it is because of a grand conspiracy by men against women. Yes, I admit it. I give up. It's all true. I know it's true because I was at the meeting that decided all these things. First order of business, we invented the

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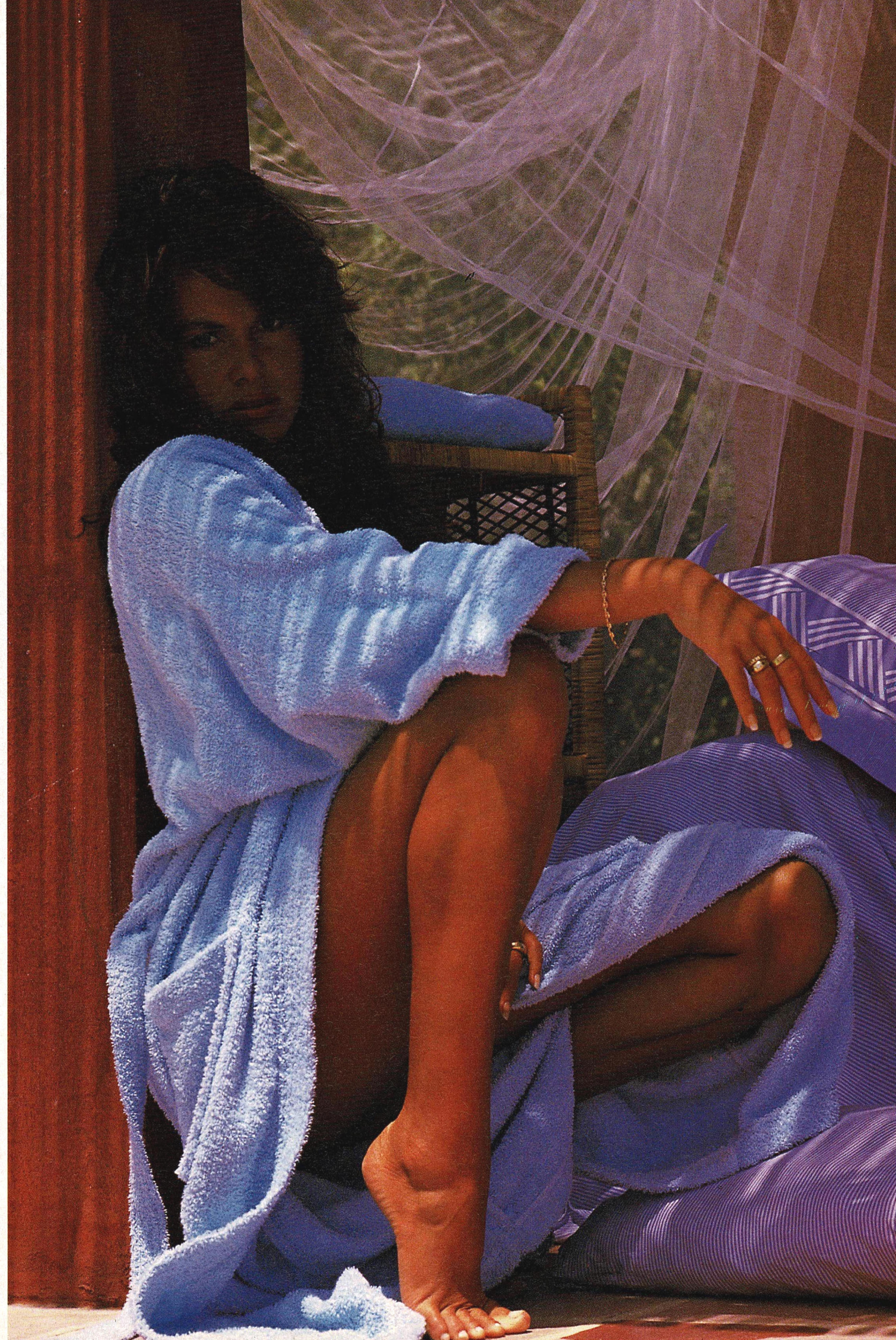


By Degrees

Photography by Denys Defrancesco

Not content with her engineering degree, 23-year-old Arianne says that she would like to study abroad and become even more qualified. Believe it or not, Arianne is a civil engineer capable of designing bridges and highways.

"Often I'm the only woman on the entire construction site. Just me and hundreds of men. I can't tell a lie and say that all the attention doesn't flatter me."





Arianne has an ambition to see every country on earth and so far she has not done too badly. This beautiful lady has travelled throughout Europe and North Africa and now she has her gorgeous dark eyes set firmly on America.

To pay for her university education, Arianne took up modelling and within a few months her second career had taken off.

"Although I'm really proud of my pictures, my first love is with engineering and that's where I'll stay."

Arianne keeps herself busy by pumping iron at her local gym and by lounging around on the beach during summer. As for another pictorial, Arianne tilts back her head and laughs when she says, "Yeah, maybe. I'll wear my hard hat from work ... and nothing else."





chopper

Continued from page 51

police car they fell out of my pocket and the copper ran over them. He was drunk, I was drunk. They had a diamond in them and everything."

I was feeling pretty confident by now so I laughed and said, "You haven't exactly got Mickey Mouse ears, have you?" The atmosphere soured. He loaded the pump-action. "You're getting a bit personal there, aren't you? What if I shot you in the kneecap, Renee? You're the only journalist who's ever had a crack at my ears, you cheeky young bugger."

Finally he laughed. Chopper once claimed to have hacked them off himself in Pentridge. But now he says another inmate did the job for him. "I just wanted to get out of H-Division. Then everyone thought there was something to be gained and they all started cutting off their ears. A couple of characters cut off their dicks so I bailed out of the Van Gogh club. When the dicky birds start hitting the pavement that's it for me. I'm gone."

I asked him to tell me about some of the headhunting techniques he employed. "Kidnap, throw them in the boot of a car, take them to a cellar, then cut off their toes with a bolt cutter."

"What were you feeling while you were cutting off toes?" I said.

"I used to like it."

"What did you like?"

"The way they just pop off."

"Do people scream a lot?"

"Oh, yeah. They don't like it."

"Did this get you what you wanted?"

"Always a good result. Keating ought to use that trick. But I thought the removal of toes was rather humane. As I said to a mate of mine, Lionel Patrick Driscoll, who was head of the toe-cutting gang in the late Sixties and early Seventies, I thought cutting people's toes off was rather poofy. I preferred a blow torch. The smell of burning flesh in the air ... Haw, haw, haw!"

"Who did you torture?"

"Scumbags. People I didn't like."

People who made a lot of money through the sale of heroin and killed a lot of people. They had no right to the money — I had no money, so bugger them. Why should I stand on the footpath with my dick in my hand while these cocksuckers drive past in their Mercedes Coupes wearing \$20,000 Rolex watches?"

"Ever thought of getting a job?"

"No! Perish the thought. I have a job — I'm a garbage disposal expert. A sanitary engineer." Chopper then dropped his duds and showed me the "I LOVE ITA BUTTROSE" tattoo that made him a

member of Pentridge's Ita fan club. "Ita, if you're out there — as long as I have a face, you'll always have a place to sit."

I asked him how many were in the fan club. "I'm the only one still living. Jimmy Lufton died in the Jika Jika fire. Johnny Price committed suicide. Peter Simon Evans is fertilising the ground somewhere. They just went their own way, poor buggers."

And for a moment I felt sorry for Chopper. Then he pointed the Magnum at me and pulled the trigger. It reminded me that he is a man who regards life as an option.

Chopper doesn't blame family or society for his violent career. His father was a soldier who provided adequately for his family while his mother and sister were strict Seventh Day Adventists. Chopper honed his profession at a young age in the Surrey Rd Gang. Long-time cohort Dave the Jew and Chopper almost fell out forever when Dave cut up Chopper's pet snakes with a meat axe. According to gang law, Dave had to be punished in the traditional manner. This meant eating a packet of lit cigarettes and drinking a bottle of Ouzo which would deaden the pain of the beating to follow. Anyone who refused was shot in both legs. Chopper learned to dig bullets out of friends before taking them to hospital. That way, the police didn't have to be involved.

An avid reader, Chopper was impressed with Dale Carnegie's book *How To Win Friends And Influence People*. Soon he developed his own warped version of it dubbed "The Psychology Of Fear." Subtle intimidation tactics permeated his everyday life. "Before I'd get someone, I'd say hello to his mother. She'd tell her son, 'I met that nice Chopper at the market today.' And they'd get the message."

"You're a self-made man but why become a monster?"

"I'm not trying to win a popularity contest. It's never interested me to be everyone's friend and I didn't enter the criminal world to become a game show host or a politician."

"How did you know you wanted to be a headhunter?"

"Basically, I never liked people. When I got into the criminal world, I liked them even less."

Chopper told me he now earns money writing books. "And I can't even spell." His second book entitled *Chopper II: Hits And Memories* is now due for release.

He jokes about getting back into The Business. "No, I've retired. I'm not going back to prison. I'm a reformed person now."

"Were you a bad man in Pentridge?"

"I didn't think I was. Others did. I thought I was a good bloke."

"What did you do that was good?"

"Well, I got a good giggle out of what I did."

I asked for an example. "I put fertiliser bombs in TV sets, set fire to cells with blokes locked inside, electrocution, all that good stuff. I was in charge of handing out meals so I used to poison the food then the prisoners with gastroenteritis would go to the doctor and I'd bash them on the way. I bashed well over 60 blokes inside. As far as Pentridge goes, no-one's bashed as many men as I have. But it can't be done as much now because the jail is structured differently."

Chopper made a living in prison selling "insurance." He sold people their left legs and laughed about how much money there was in kneecaps. "Smash them to a pulp with a cricket bat."

"You had a cricket bat in jail?"

"Oh, yes. Sport is encouraged in jail. I was a great cricketer. The Sir Donald Bradman of Pentridge. I hit more sixes than he ever did."

Chopper was speaking about prison life with almost sentimental amusement. He and a mate would grab a victim, "touch him up" (translation: bash) hold a knife to his throat then pop a razor blade into the victim's mouth. "He'd be invited to chew on it for a while."

"I couldn't do that to someone. Why can you?"

"Well, they were obnoxious bastards to start off with. There was a guy who was having sex with his daughter. When she was going to tell, he killed her. So I pulled his eye out."

Does bashing the bad blokes make Chopper a good bloke? Or is he just a renegade, a vigilante, a modern day Robin Hood who stole from the rich to give to a poor minority — himself? Just one look at Chopper tells you that his life was never quite that glamorous.

Born on the 17th of November, 1954, Read was soon nicknamed "Chopper" after a popular cartoon character of the era. Torture and marksmanship were integral to childhood games, but I still didn't know why killing was difficult for me yet so easy for him. It was all off the record but his candid comment surprised me. We were enjoying a quiet breakfast alone when he confessed to killing two or three men before he'd even had sex for the first time.

I was left to ponder the implications. Hitler had theories about retarding the development of conscience by thrill killing at a tender age. Later, Chopper admitted he has no conscience. "No. I'm not socially conscious. I was making money out of it. I don't give a shit who uses drugs."

"So you're not a psychopath?"

"No."

"You're a sociopath," I said.

"What? I'm not a sociopath at all!"

Then Chopper pulled a grotesque face at me and bellowed: "Nothing wrong with

me! I've met all the psychiatrists and they say I'm perfectly normal — which says a lot about the medical fraternity, doesn't it?"

"You must have plenty of regrets."

"I've got a few. Family matters. Seventeen and a half years in jail. You've got to regret a few things, don't you?" Because of the contracts on his life, and the enemies who vow to see him dead, Chopper says he'll never be a father. "Kids are a security risk. I don't want someone trying to get at me through my children. I've never done that to anyone's children but there are groups in the criminal world who specialise in it."

Chopper was sick of talking. He wanted a drink. It was Saturday morning and he was tossing back a concoction of white spirits and milk in a 7oz glass. Then it was time to go. As a parting gift, Read gave me his brass cigarette lighter. Earlier that day he had used it to demonstrate burning flesh by trying to set fire to my stockinged foot. It was a special gift engraved with "Mark Brandon Read 1000%". Before I left I asked him how he saw himself now, right at this very second. "Just a bloke outta luck."

I flew out of Launceston thinking my assignment was over. Four days after my return, Mark Brandon Read was arrested and charged with the attempted murder of Sydney Michael Collins.

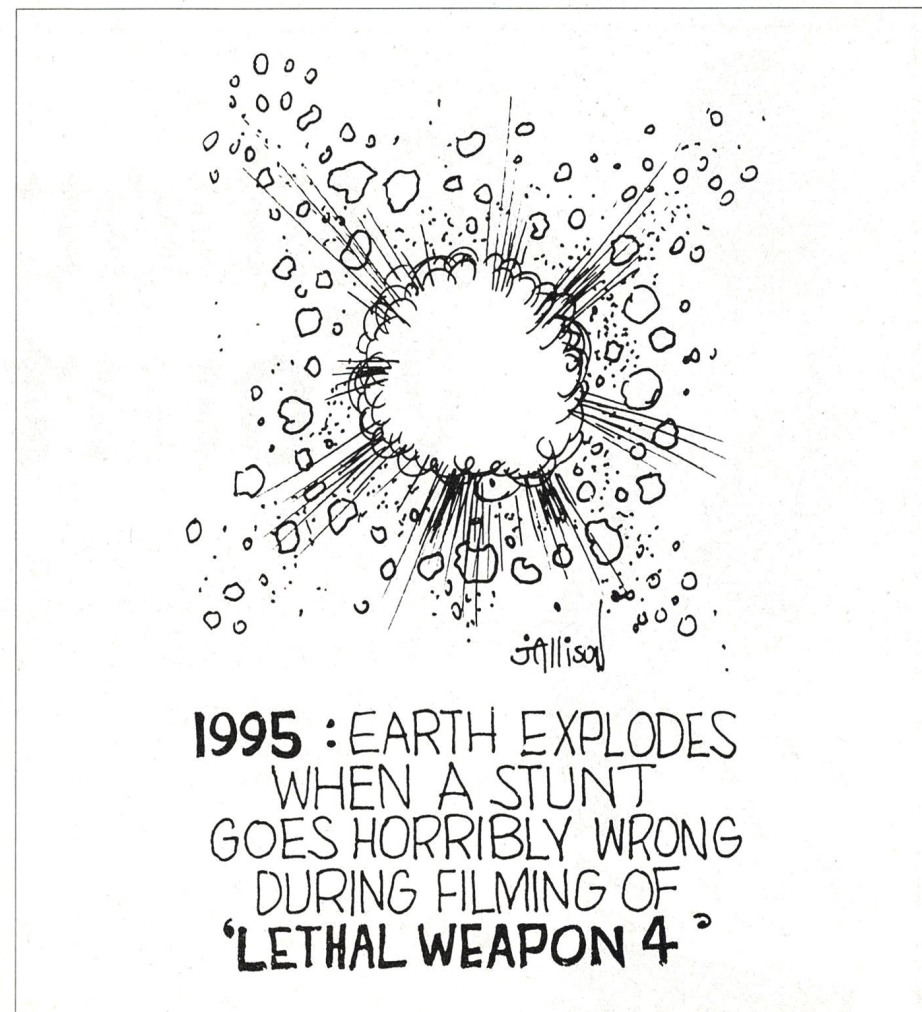
The weapon used in the assault was

allegedly the 1938 Pietro Beretta that Chopper taught me to fire. Read pleaded not guilty to attempted murder but the charge was changed to grievous bodily harm and then changed again to committing an unlawful act with the intention of causing bodily harm. Trent, Chopper's trusty assistant, gave Crown evidence after being placed on witness protection.

The jury went out on October 13. They returned their guilty verdict two days later. On November 4, 13 days before turning 38, he was sentenced to the maximum term available to Tasmanian courts. He was declared a "dangerous criminal" under s.392 of the Criminal Code and sentenced to be held at Risdon Prison "at the Governor's pleasure." In prison parlance, he was given "the key." At the time of writing, Read was appealing both his conviction and sentence.

Mark Brandon Read is back behind bars, this time in Hobart, but he had the final say in several letters he wrote to me from prison:

I really didn't shoot Sid Collins. The fact that the nitwit was allowed to live should cross me off the suspect list. The police were told I shot Sid for \$2000. Not only am I being set up by the hired help, I'm also being rudely insulted. Indeed! I'd rather shoot someone for nothing than be insulted with petty cash. The very idea! I should sue for slander. ☐



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Continued from page 8

devoured it. Finally after what seemed like hours of intense pleasure, I knew he could hold off no longer, and I felt his cock swell as his huge orgasm erupted into my waiting mouth. I savoured the taste of his first beautiful load of come while his tongue still lashed at my searing cunt, sending me into spasms that gripped my body. Not allowing him a chance to catch his breath, I rolled him over and sat on top of him.

Placing my hands on his chest, I moved my pussy up and down the tip of his still rock-hard dick. I moved slowly at first, teasing him, then I took him deep into me and began to screw him harder and faster. He squeezed and played with my breasts as I looked into his gorgeous brown eyes and then felt his cock swell in me. My moans turned into screams and I lost all control as my pussy received his second orgasm. While I felt his hot creamy jets bursting over the walls of my cunt, my body was racked by yet another internal explosion. Drained and exhausted, I could feel the wetness of our juices running out of me, onto him, and it felt complete. Eventually we realised it was time to make a move. We'd each missed two lectures but who

cared. I wished we'd had longer, but I knew that we'd be tempted to meet again sometime. As it turned out the next few encounters were somehow even better. — Name and address withheld

Testing one, two, three

For a few years, I worked for as a roadie with a well-known music group. In their line-up was a very attractive young woman who was well known in the business for her sexual appetite. She was a tall brunette with a drop-dead body that she wrapped in the tightest stretch material. Every man in the audience would have paid the cover charge just to stare at this goddess, never mind listening to the rock music. But it was after the show that Tanya had acquired her reputation. Not only had she gone far beyond just having sex with men and women, but also beyond most people's idea of kinky.

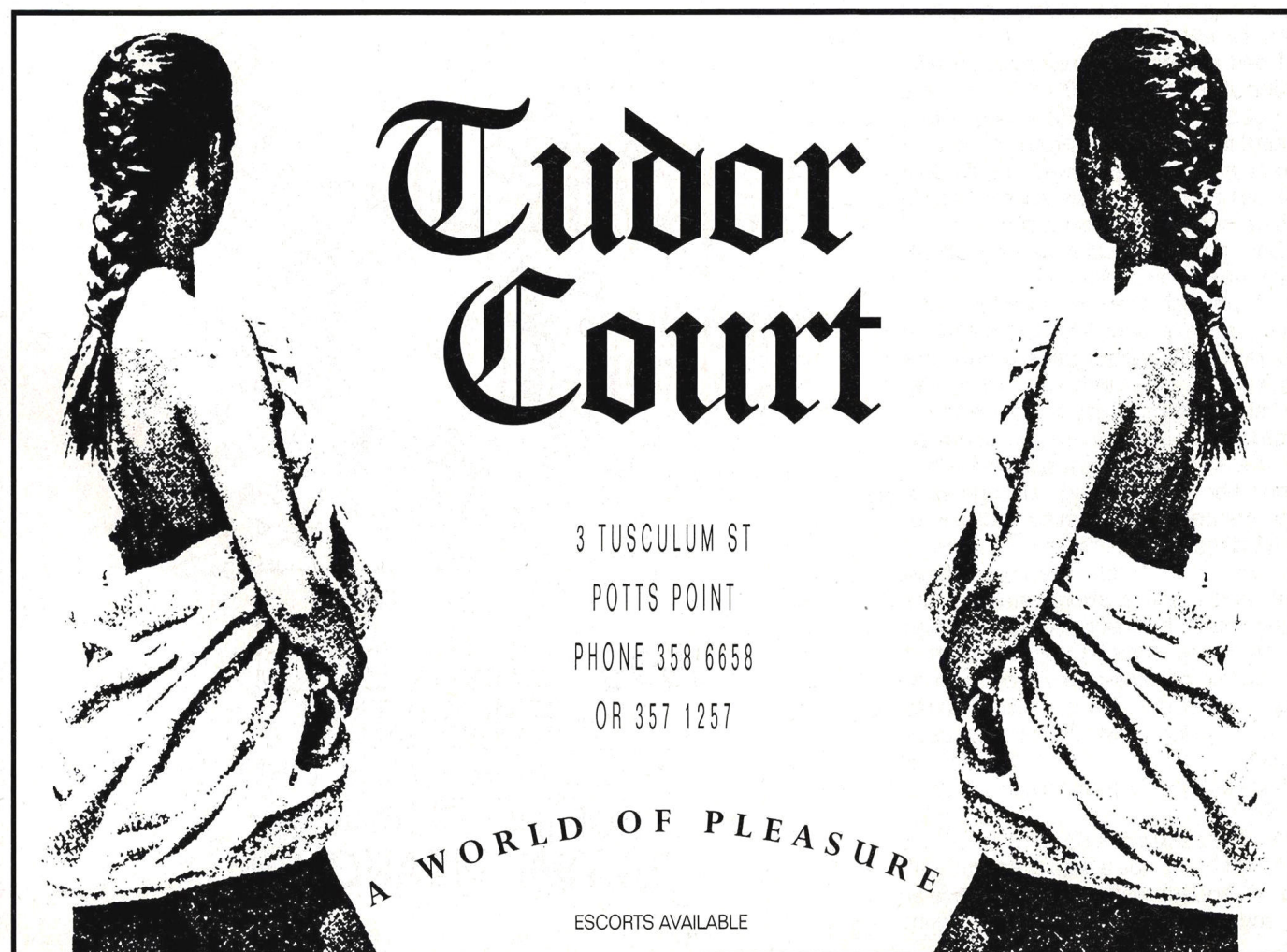
The rather odd experience I was involved in concerned her desire to fill herself with as much semen as possible. She was quite open about it all, and set up a deal whereby just about every male member of the road crew was to fuck her. This amounted to nine people, but the deal also involved a "draw" to decide who would fuck her last by full penetration. The first eight were only to be permitted to come in her cunt but not to actually move in and out — this, she reasoned, would waste semen. Fortunately,

I was chosen to be the last "depositor."

Tanya is tall with smallish breasts but a really good figure which she looks after in order to do her thing on stage. She has a beautiful face and shapely legs.

The chosen day arrived and we all met in her spacious caravan. A few joints were passed around and some champagne consumed to loosen everyone up. Tanya then approached one of the guys and seductively ran her hands over his crotch. Unzipping him, she pulled out his hardening tool and sucked on it. Remember, this was in front of eight other men. She was prepared to do her bit to get things rolling. When he was really stiff, Tanya released him from her mouth and stood up to undress. Any cock in that van that was not already erect soon became so at the sight of her curvaceous body.

She lay down on the floor and clasped her legs with her arms, drawing her thighs onto her hard nipples. This exposed her cunt fully and its wet lips glistened in the light as the first man knelt down to the task. What he had to do was jerk off to the point of orgasm and then insert just the head of his cock into Tanya. It did not take long and he only just made it. Tanya now had her hands at her cunt to prevent any involuntary thrusting. With the head of his cock in her, the guy came with a groan, pumping his load into her tunnel. Thus it went on



Tudor Court

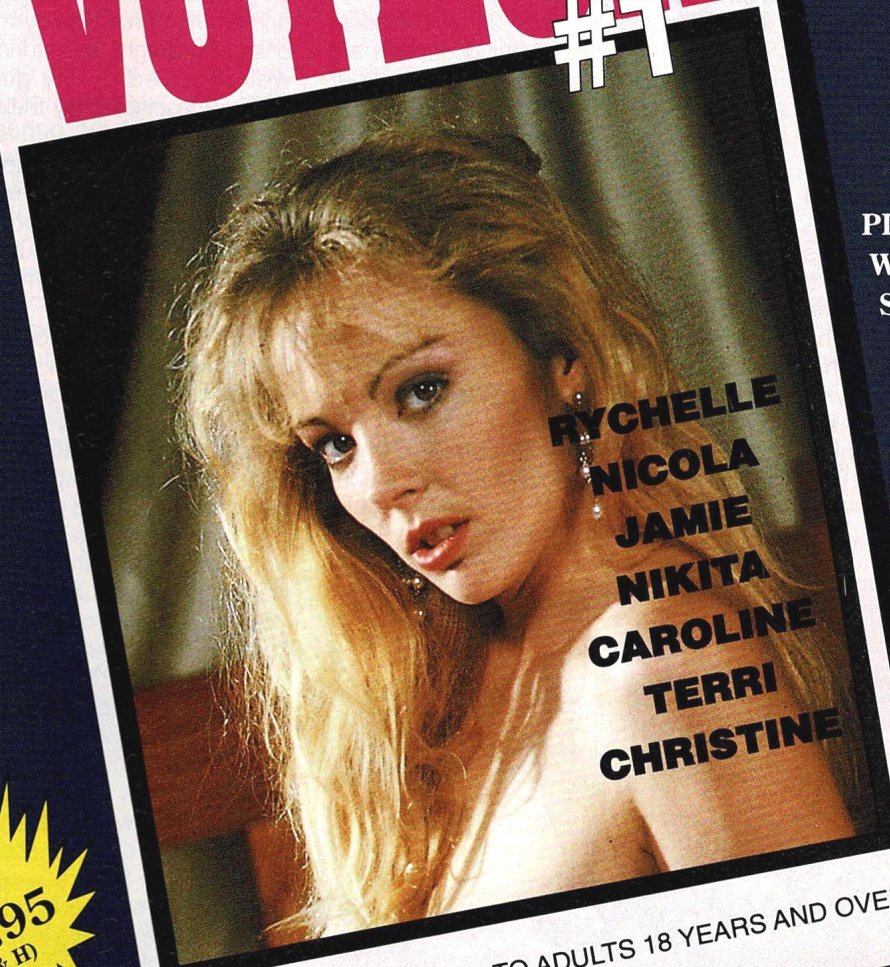
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with sweaty, fit men groaning as they shot come into her. Tanya remained in much the same position with her legs high in order to stop the sperm flowing out. One guy could not contain himself and came before he could enter her, his come spraying over her belly and tits. Tanya just ignored it and beckoned to the next man to step up. Finally it was my turn. My cock was raging hard as I knelt before her. Her cunt now gaped open and a film of semen coated the thick lips. I began to masturbate, my fist pumping my stiff shaft. Pre-come began to dribble from the eye and Tanya told me to enter her. "Put your cock just in the entrance and I will do the rest," she whispered. I did as ordered and her hands came down around my cock. I was in heaven as she gently rubbed her fingers up and down its length. Soon I was ready and gasped to her that I had to come. Tanya rubbed harder and I climaxed. I was surprised by her legs clamping rigidly around my buttocks and forcing me to thrust deep into her. The feeling was incredible as my pulsating cock drove through all the spunk that had collected in her cunt. My thrust was so strong that semen spurted out of her hole onto my thighs. I could not contain myself and kept thrusting in and out.

Tanya was protesting but to no avail, I'd pinned her arms down and forced her legs back onto her chest as I fucked her sopping cunt until she came with a deafening roar. Finally I stopped and withdrew my still hard pole. It was covered in wet sperm which was dripping off my balls. Tanya lay back exhausted, her hands idly playing with her cunt lips and spreading the sperm over her thighs and belly where the earlier eruption still lay. Come was running out of her in huge quantities and pooling on the floor when it finally dripped off her arse. We all collapsed exhausted but thoroughly satisfied. — *Name and address withheld*

April, come she will

My girlfriend, April, and I are avid readers of Forum. And under her direction I am instructed to relate this story to your readers. It all happened about 12 months ago when my girlfriend and I went away for a long weekend. We'd been driving for about three hours when we finally pulled into a small seaside resort town for the night. Having no booking we ended up registering at a reasonably lavish hotel. Our room was quite well appointed with a spa attached, which I was sure wouldn't go to waste. We quickly smoked a joint upstairs and proceeded down to the bar.

ple of quick drinks before dinner. We'd just finished our first drink and were feeling extremely mellow (and horny), when I noticed two strikingly beautiful women enter the bar.

These were not locals. They were both tall with what could be described as athletically toned bodies. Both had large, sensuous breasts. One was blonde and the other auburn. They stopped all conversation in the bar. They sat at the lounge chairs next to ours and ordered drinks, which upon arrival the waiter promptly spilled on me. I suspect he did this while he was trying to look down the collective cleavage of the stunners. There was a chorus of apologies. The girls laughed and insisted on buying us more drinks, which was fine by me. To my surprise and delight, the stunners were very well received by my girlfriend, who seemed fascinated by their extraordinary looks.

Small talk ensued. Apparently they were models doing a fashion shoot in the nearby countryside. April was the one who asked if they'd join us for dinner and I could barely conceal my excitement or my swelling dick.

Dinner was sensational. I was straining to keep my eyes off these voluptuous, captivating women. The women and April, who is — I say most unashamedly — quite beautiful and has done some modelling in the past, were getting along like old friends.

I noticed April's nipples protruding from the cloth of the bodysuit she was wearing. This was all I needed as I was already rock-hard ogling these two beauties. The night went well and when they were closing the restaurant, April asked them to our room for a nightcap. As you can imagine I was feverish. We walked into the room and April showed them the spa which was bubbling away. Another drink passed when Sarah, our auburn-haired friend, asked if she could take a dip in the spa. Suuure ... no worries.

Sarah slowly peeled the tight-fitting emerald-green cocktail dress off to reveal absolutely nothing underneath. She gave us an impish grin and asked if we were going to join her. She was sensational — long, shapely legs, deep-green eyes and satiny hair just below her shoulders. She had firm breasts, curvy arse and a beautifully trimmed mound.

Julie, our other new friend, asked, "Are you going to join us Jim?" I was beside myself with excitement and turned to get approval from April when I saw she was half-naked as well and had a smile on her face like the Cheshire cat.

April has small nipples and they were as erect as I've ever seen them. I thought all my fantasies had come true. Little did I know what was yet to come.

Julie, too, had a fantastic body with long legs and firm, large breasts that were perfectly shaped with huge pink

nipples. Her long blonde hair fell halfway to the arch in her back. She entered the spa with April.

April has the most perfect breasts you could want and although she's a 38-D cup, gravity has been kind to her. She also is blessed with an avaricious sexual appetite and a few kinky quirks. The girls were having a great time and kept begging me to join them but I preferred to sip on my drink and just watch for a while.

Julie and Sarah became quite amorous and April seemed to be enjoying the show. Next thing, April said, "Well girls, are you going to share or should I just watch?" Sarah swished back her now wet red hair, flashed April a smile and purred, "Why don't you watch for a while and then take us both?" April seemed pleased with that and her hand disappeared below the water and I knew she was fingering her hardening little bud. Sarah started to lick Julie's huge pink nipples which I am sure must have protruded at least half-an-inch. Julie started to moan and undulate as Sarah straddled her and started to kiss her neck before flicking her tongue over Julie's huge hardened nipples. She then slid up further until she was kneeling on the underwater ledge with her dripping pussy waiting on Sarah's attention. Sarah carefully parted Julie's moist lips and started lapping at her pulsating tun-

nel which obviously sent a shock wave through her.

April moved over to them and was fondling Sarah's round breasts and fingering herself feverishly. Julie pushed herself further out of the water until she was laying on her back with her legs dangling in the spa. Then Sarah asked April to, "Do the honours!"

Well, we'd talked about threesomes many times and kept on meaning to get one organised. We'd also talked about April with another woman, but never got around to it. And now both were happening not ten feet away — I was ready to burst.

April started licking up and down Julie's lips and then quickly darted her tongue into her steaming hole. Julie was in heaven. Her eyes were shut and her moist mouth was agape.

My cock was hard and I was dying to get into the action. That's when Sarah beckoned me towards the spa. I was out of my clothes in a flash and I sat on the edge of the spa as instructed. Sarah began licking my cock with long deft strokes. April had licked Julie into a frenzy. I could see the juices dribbling down April's chin as she lapped away.

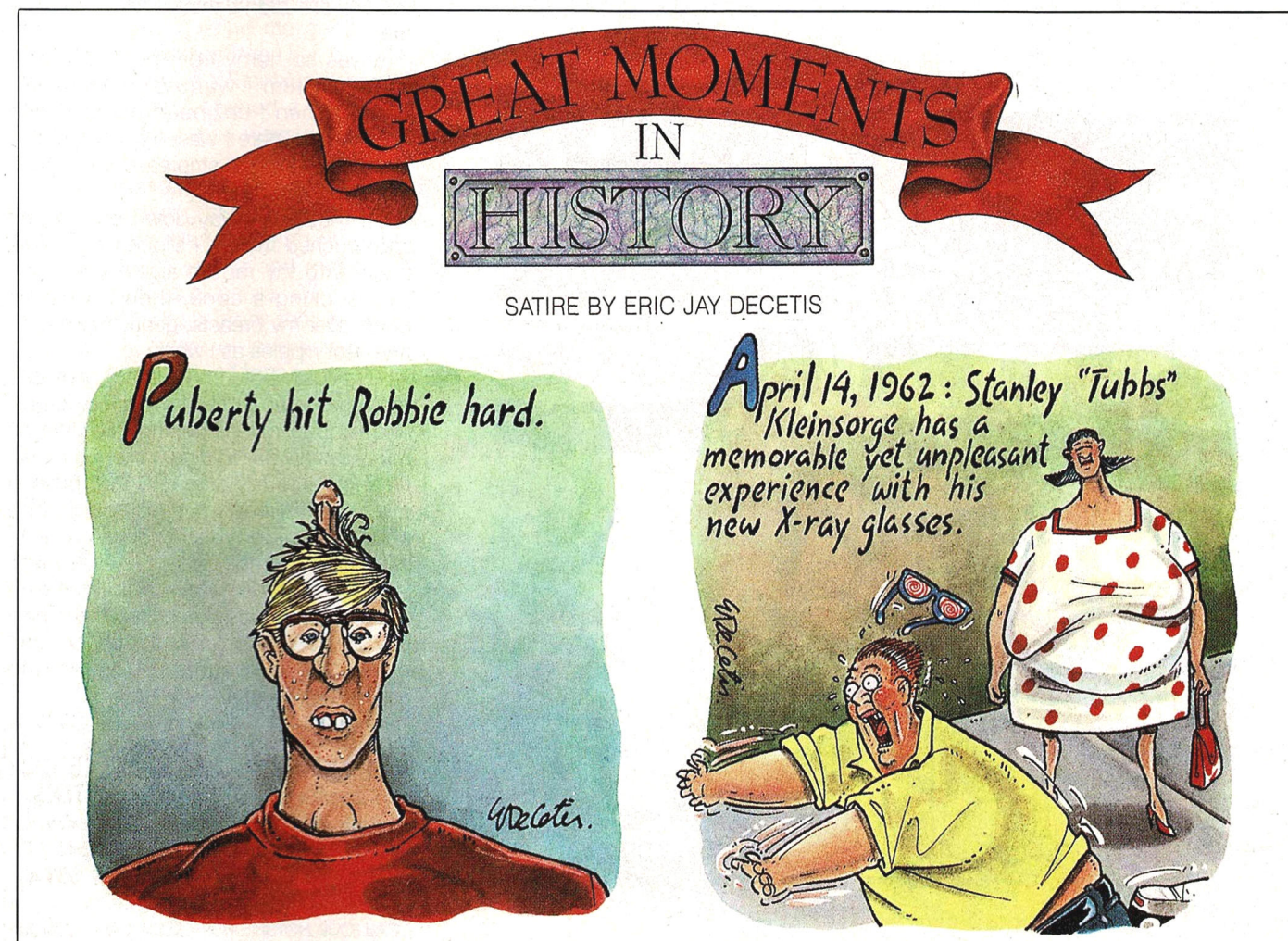
Sarah suddenly said we should change over so we quickly adjourned to the huge bed. Without drying herself, April lay flat her back and said, "Eat me!"

It took some nifty manoeuvring by

these three goddesses to get into appropriate positions. April lay on her back while Sarah was on all fours. Julie instructed me to "slip into" Sarah from behind, so I happily guided my blood-filled cock into her winking hot tunnel. Still slurping on April, Sarah missed her breath when my cock first parted her wet lips.

Julie was laying on her back between Sarah's legs licking my balls as I slid deep into Sarah from behind. April was humping her hips up and down and moaning as Sarah slowly edged her glorious, wet pussy back onto my pulsating shaft. I knew that I wouldn't be able to hold on much longer especially with Julie licking and sucking my balls. I kept roaming my hands all over Sarah and Julie's beautiful tits as I my cock slid into Sarah's warm velvet cavern.

Sarah was moaning while pumping her cunt up and down my shaft. I felt her cunt tighten and grow even wetter. Julie was lapping up her friend's come from my balls. I couldn't hold back — my hot come was welling up inside me and April's screams only heightened my excitement. I began thrusting my cock into Sarah when Julie grabbed me by the thighs and said, "Let me suck the sperm out of that cock of yours." This pushed me over the edge. The first jet of sperm shot deep into Sarah. But Julie quickly pulled me out of Sarah's hole and



forum

wrapped her lips around my spurting cock.

My second shot gushed into her lascivious mouth and she swallowed it with a smile. April quickly spun around and latched onto my cock to receive her share of sperm. The girls decided to give me a triple headjob for services rendered. With three tongues lashing my prick, I quickly became hard again.

They decided that whoever could make me come in their mouth would receive special treatment from the other two. I lay back and shut my eyes as the three girls started "switch sucking" me. I thought April stood the best chance of winning because she knew what I liked. However I was pleasantly surprised when Julie began to deep throat my cock with long, slow strokes.

And when Sarah took over and powered up and down my shaft like a mad woman, I could hold out no longer. Sarah threw her arms into the air in victory as I came in her lovely mouth. She kept her lips wrapped tight around my cock until I had unloaded into her.

We finally collapsed onto the bed and April and Sarah began kissing and snuggling. We all parted soon after and unfortunately have never seen our new friends since. — *Name and address withheld*

Uniform attraction

My name is Lynda. I am 18 and quite good looking with a slim figure and C-cup breasts. After reading one of your publications, I thought I would share a one-year-old secret. Let me say from the outset that I am still a virgin and want to save myself for my husband, whoever he may be. My story started when I was living at home. My neighbours went on a two-week trip to Singapore. While they were away, they let a nephew of theirs use the house. The first few days I saw him coming and going but we didn't speak. He was a hunk. So I could meet him, I waited on the front lawn after school and watered the garden. When he arrived we quickly introduced ourselves, his name was Bob and he was 23-years-old.

The next day we went out to dinner and got to know each other a bit better. He was charming and sexually appealing. The next night he came to our house for dinner. We then went back next door and talked and kissed. As usual with guys he tried to seduce me, but as much as he turned me on, I could not do it. We talked for hours about all sorts of things, including sex. He said he has a fetish for schoolgirls and I really turned him on in my school uniform. Each day thereafter he waited to see me go to school. It was now Friday afternoon and Bob had to go to bed early to get up for a 6am flight

back home to Perth. We said our good-byes and I left my school uniform on specially for him. I was so turned on I was almost tempted to let him make love to me, but I decided to keep my virginity for my husband. Nonetheless, I had a funny butterfly feeling in the tummy; a feeling that made me daring. I went back inside into my bedroom and opened the window blinds. Bob was in the room just across from me packing his things. I pretended not to see him.

If I couldn't make love with him, I was going to send him home with something to remember me by. I turned on the light of my bedroom so Bob could see me better. I quickly took a pair of stay-up stockings, my sexiest bra and pair of knickers to the bathroom, put them on then put my school uniform back on. Then I returned to my bedroom. In the mirror I could see Bob looking over at me as if he was trying to get my attention. From where he was he could see the whole room. Although pretending to not know he was there and with my back to him, the wall mirror allowed me to see what he was doing. I lifted my skirt at the sides and removed my undies, and yes Bob was still looking.

Lifting each leg I removed my stockings and bent over at my chest of drawers so Bob could just see my skirt lifting. I undid my blouse, took it off and hung it up. He still didn't think I knew he was there.

I was so horny from putting on this show for him I wanted to play with myself. Then I unzipped my skirt and removed it. There I was, for the first time in my life, doing a striptease for a guy I hardly knew.

At that point I lay down on the bed and touched myself. I slipped my index-finger into my mouth and pretended I was sucking a cock, then I traced it down over my breasts, gently tugging on my erect nipples as I went.

Eventually I found my pussy, I slipped my finger in and out of my dripping hole and rubbed my hardening clit. Just as my orgasm was building, I slipped my little finger into my arse and that pushed me over the edge. I finally came in a shuddering convulsing orgasm. And what an orgasm, it nearly blew my mind. I went into the shower and when I returned, Bob was gone. He left the next day at 4.30am to go to the airport, so I never saw him again. — *Name and address withheld* 

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"My God! Didn't anyone lay him off for the season?"

BLACK LABEL E D I T I O N forum

Swede tooth

Some time ago, I was a very junior officer on a cargo ship which had loaded apples in Tasmania for Scandinavian ports.

Arriving in Stockholm on a June evening we found that work would not begin until the next day, giving us a free evening. The evening began to look promising when a group of girls accepted an invitation to come on board for a few drinks and an impromptu party began.

I soon found myself dancing with Britta. Britta was clearly interested in a more private party, so I invited her to my cabin where we talked, drank and began to explore each other.

Britta was completely open in her sexuality, giving everything, accepting everything and guiding me gently as I moved from her lips over her beautiful stomach and down to her blonde mound where her fingers opened a new world for me. Her fragrance was to stay with me for years.

While I was enjoying the taste of her cunt and exploring her lips and sensitive places, Britta was enjoying my eight inches, teasing, licking and massaging me with obvious pleasure. We were so engrossed in each other that we were only vaguely aware of loud voices outside the cabin followed by a knocking on the door and then the voice of the chief officer demanding the presence of the duty officer — me. It eventuated that the seamen had been having their own party with a lovely redhead who was now very drunk and performing a striptease on the mess-room table. My orders were to get her off the ship — not an easy task. But after much persuasion, Anna covered her slim hips and red cunt hair with her panties, slipped into her dress and leant on me for support as I guided her down the gangway towards a taxi. She seemed attracted to me and before falling into the cab she gave me an exploring kiss, pulling away with a very knowing look as she tasted Britta's cunt juice which had dried on my face.

After this disturbance I headed back to my cabin. There were no more interruptions and with a little persuasion from Britta, I became hard again and we

fucked each other to mutually enjoyable orgasms. Late in the evening, after more gin, Britta said that she had to go but would love to show me the sights of Stockholm the next day.

My duty ended at midday and I jumped in a cab, met Britta as planned and we spent some time enjoying the fine buildings and parks of the city.

When Britta suggested that we return to her flat to check on her baby-sitter, I readily agreed. Britta recommended a cooling shower and showed me to the bathroom then went off to talk to the baby-sitter. She quickly returned and joined me in the shower. I was massaging her clit with my tongue when I felt the shower curtain move and soft thighs press against the back of my head. With some difficulty, I squeezed up between these two warm bodies and found that the baby-sitter had joined us. Imagine my surprise when the baby sitter turned out to be Anna, the "stripteaser" from the previous night.

The two girls had obviously pleased each other before. They asked me to join in their little games. We dried off and found our way to the bedroom where the girls fell into a 69 position with Britta saying that she wanted me to fuck her from behind. I shared my cock between Britta's juicy cunt and Anna's mouth. I slid out of Britta, rubbed the head of my cock against her clit and then guided my

cock into Anna's mouth. Anna had her head back allowing me to glide down her throat.

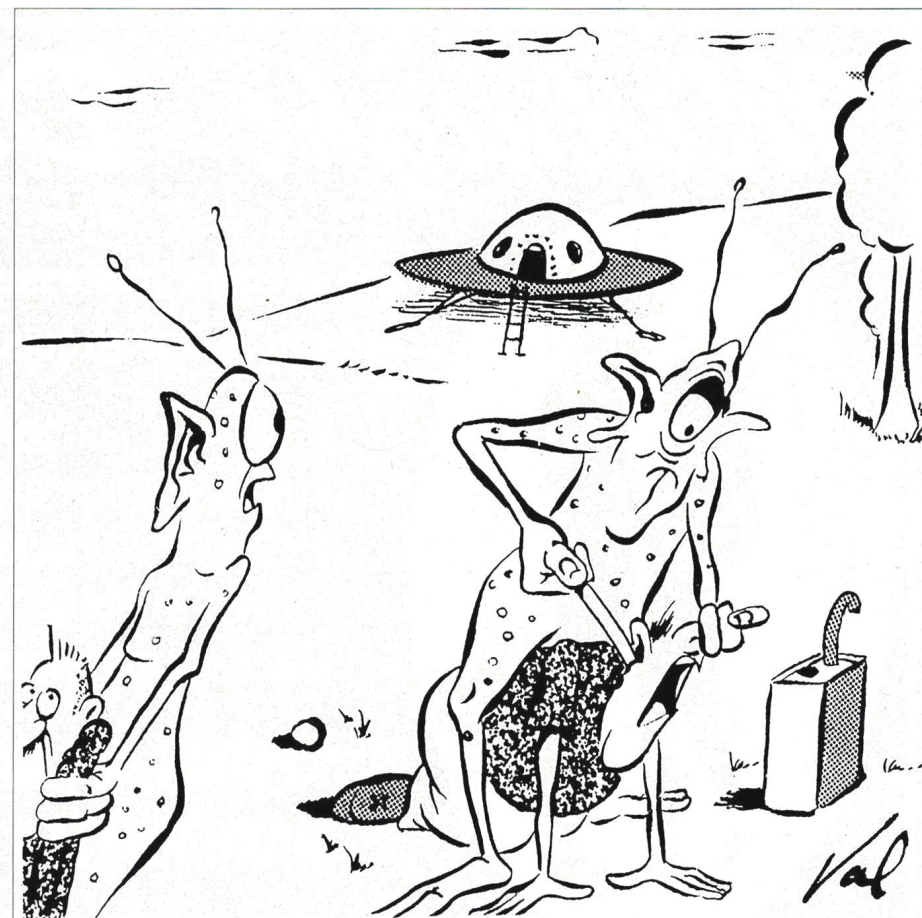
I can vividly remember squirming between a tangled knot of arms, legs, tits and cunts. The warm heat of two bodies was so intense and the sensual pleasure so much, that I quickly approached orgasm. Anna demanded that I come inside of her. Anna lay on her back and lifted her legs to her chest. Britta pulled Anna's lips apart and guided my prick into her waiting cunt. As I pumped into Anna, Britta installed her pussy over Anna's mouth. Then to complete the scene, Britta and I started kissing. It was the perfect pleasure triangle. With a long satisfied grunt, I sprayed sperm inside Anna while locking tongues with Britta. I have longed to repeat the experience, but have never quite been able to find such willing participants.

I wrote to Britta for some time, but I never returned to Stockholm. To remind me of the girls, I still have a snapshot, and this letter, of course. — *Name and address withheld*

Sleeping beauty

My 26-year-old wife, Lesley, is a very attractive slim blonde with a super-hot sexy body.

During the week she likes to think she is a model housewife and is almost a prude. But when she goes out and has a



"Why don't we find some other fuel instead of ear wax?"



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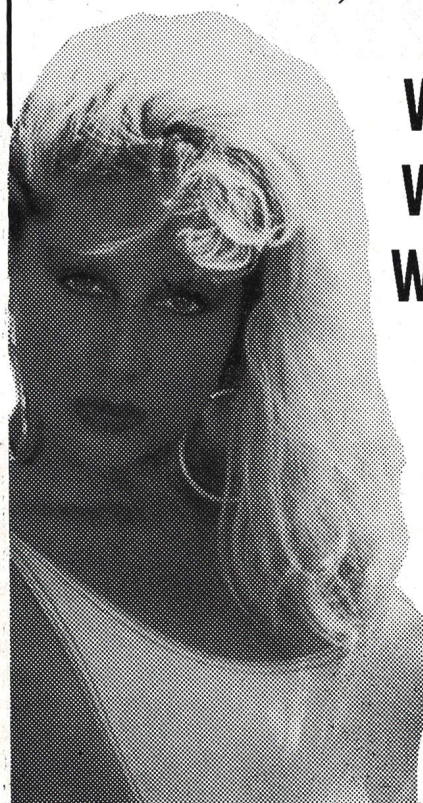
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few drinks, she becomes a completely different person. If she is drunk, I can virtually talk her into doing anything sexually. In fact, during our six years of marriage I have found it unsafe to allow her to go out without me as she often plays up.

I don't know how many lovers she's had during our marriage. However on about eight occasions, she has arrived home with her beautiful pussy full of someone else's sperm.

The first few times, her infidelities broke my heart but after a while I found her blatant fucking around a fantastic turn-on. I began to look forward to sloshing my cock around in her sloppy, used hole. As I fucked her, I got her to tell me every detail of her carnal activities.

She hates doing this. It seems to disgust her, which only makes the whole thing better for me. I really get a kick out of picturing her being fucked by someone else. I am so proud of her body and looks that I take her sexual encounters as a compliment.

Since I discovered this fetish of mine, I have encouraged Lesley to fuck more men. I have also pushed her to let me watch someone else fuck her, but she said this was out of the question.

Until recently, the closest I got to seeing her having sex with another man was at a party one night when she disappeared for a while. When I went looking for her, I found her walking toward me with a young guy of about 18. I took her to our car to question her and was rapt to discover she had been fucked just minutes before. I lay her down in the back seat, lifted her skirt and removed her wet panties.

I fingered her wet hole as she reluctantly told me about her "quickie." Her pubes were matted with his come and her lips swollen from the good rogering she'd just received. I was so turned on that when I stuck my cock into her sloppy pussy, I shot my load within three pumps. Then, as I wiped my dripping cock on her pubes, I said, "Well hon, you've given two cocks absolute pleasure tonight, how about we go back to the party and see if you can extract the come out of a third?"

Unfortunately, she was too embarrassed to face anyone and asked to go home. Although my darling wife did not like me going "sloppy seconds" on her, she realised that it was a fair payment to me for the pleasure I allowed her to have. She mainly disliked doing it because it made her feel like a whore, but she did admit that it turned her on to see how hot it made me.

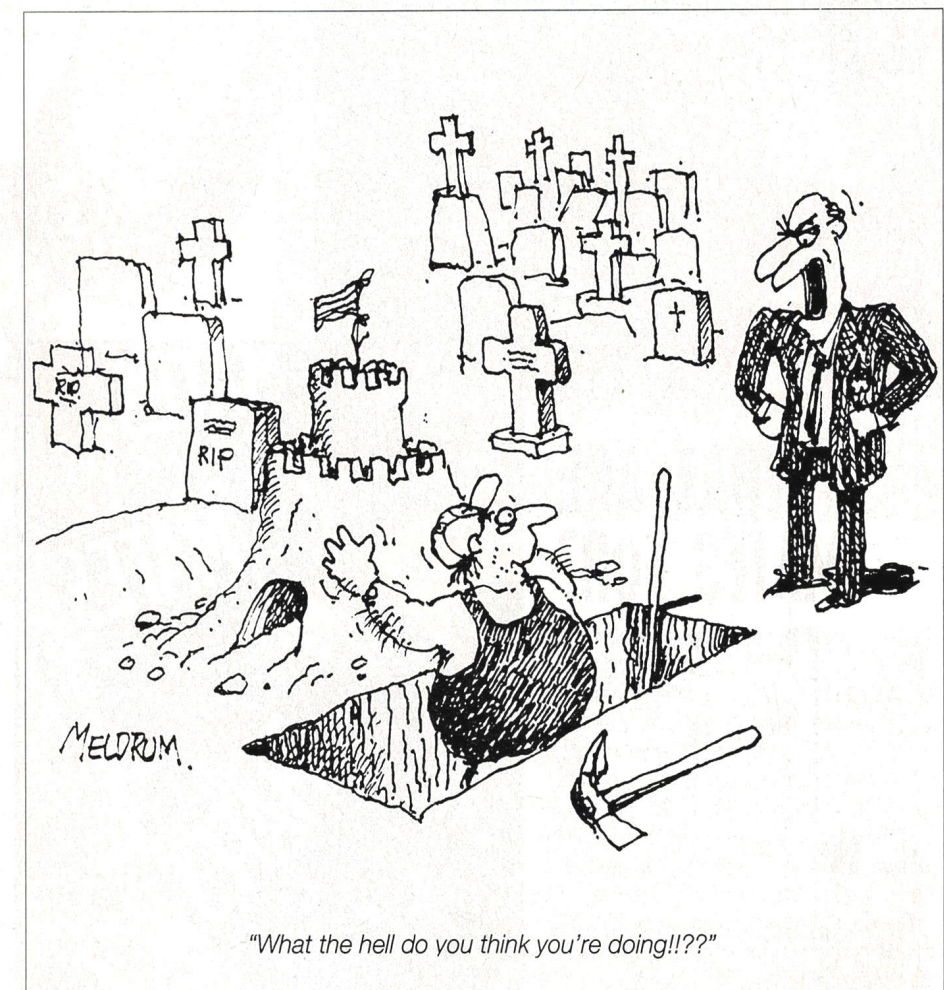
Our fantasy reached its peak recently when we brought a group of people, whom we'd met at a local disco, home to party on. Lesley was so drunk she had to go to bed shortly after we got home, so most of the guests didn't stay long. There were a couple of good looking blokes with us and they stayed, til last, just drinking with me. They didn't realise my intentions but I knew this was my big chance. I left them in our lounge for a few moments while I went to check on Lesley. I tried to wake her up to get her permission for one of the guys to fuck her, but she was totally out to it. I decided to see how out of it she was. With my heart in my mouth, I pulled back the bed covers, and removed her nightie and panties exposing her beautiful body to my gaze. I then spread her legs and fingered her neat twat. She didn't stir so I covered her up and went to get the boys.

I told them that I just wanted to play a trick on Les by showing off her body and

then stir her about it the next day. The guys believed me so we went into my marital bedroom. With just the lamp on, I pulled back the doona. The boys gasped with pleasure at the sight they saw. My wife's legs were wide open and her cunt was on total display. I let them have a good perv first before encouraging them to have a feel. "Just be gentle so that she doesn't wake up," I said. One thing led to another, and soon I found myself standing at the end of our bed and watching, for the first time in our married life, a big stiff penis work its way into my wife's beautiful cunt. Once he was fully up her, he gently pushed his hard meat in and out of her in long full strokes.

I asked him to try to come quickly so we could all have a go at her. They both had their turns, shooting their hot loads into her most private place until she was oozing sperm. Then I told them they had better go before she woke up.

As soon as they left I stripped off and mounted her for my turn. As I fucked my wife, I told her how proud I was to have her and that I loved her dearly. To my surprise, she opened her eyes and said, "The second guy had the best cock darling." She had been awake the whole time. We fucked until daybreak, talking about our experience and both agreed it was the best time we've had. We plan to do it again very soon. — Name and address withheld



loose ends

healthy balls?

They are Chinese Iron Balls from Baoding which you rotate in the palm of your hand, preferably daily.

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All this for \$30 from Remo in Sydney. For more information call (008) 029 714.

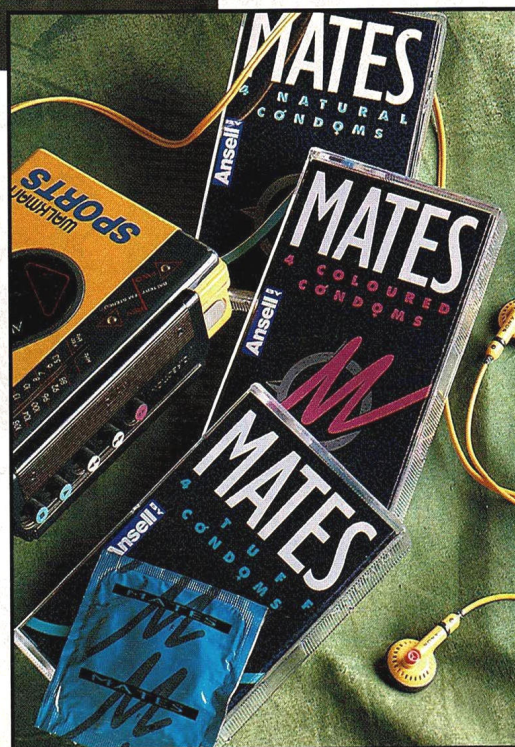


SIMPLY stunning

This summer, Reebok is turning heads with an apparel range that keeps hot bodies looking cool no matter how intensive the work-out. Pictured is the "side panel unitard", a one-piece aerobics outfit which is functional as well as flattering. Available from most leading retailers and department stores.

WHAT ARE MATES FOR?

Well these type of mates are for protection from AIDS, pregnancy and other unwanted nasties. Ansell has struck upon the gimmicky idea of putting condoms into cassette cases to appeal to the young. Pretty good idea, really, as long as someone doesn't shove one in their walkman; or worse, in a moment of passion try to roll on a Jimi Hendrix compilation. It may be a good idea but it's an odd name. I mean what bloke wants to put a Mate on their knob? — let alone, slip on a coloured Mate, a natural Mate, a Mate with ribs or a tuff Mate.



and the winners are . . .

The winners of the Black & Decker competition featured in the October issue of *Australian Penthouse* were: H. Popp, Campbell, ACT; G. Wardly, Ryde, NSW; B. Kay, Wollstonecraft, NSW; P. Allen, Nundah, Qld; S. Hill, North Dandalup, WA; R. Pulsford, Casuarina, NT. The winners of the Gillette competition featured in the same issue were: M. Spence, Wooden, ACT; L. Fischer, Metford, NSW; A. Smith, Ingleburn, NSW; T. Knop, Macquarie Fields, NSW; M. Cooper, Baulkham Hills, NSW; C. Dewhurst, Sans Souci, NSW; L. Trajkovski, Willoughby, NSW; A. Parker, Crows Nest, NSW; J. Yorsdon, Burwood, Vic; W. Wilson, Altona, Vic; G. Stuart, Footscray, Vic; P. Lai, Bundoorra, Vic; R. Morris, Mt Isa, Qld; P. Hansen, Rochedale, Qld; P. Symes, Woodbridge, Qld; W. Kadel, Cairns, Qld; V. Makin, Holland Park, Qld; E. Hayman, Port Lincoln, SA; D. Hill, Port Pirie, SA; L. Golja, Joondanna, WA; D. Martin, Mt Barker, WA; Y. Salotti, Yokine, WA; P. Baker, Kingsley, WA; E. Foot, Prospect Vale, Tas; D. Witham, Tindal, NT.



SUN, SURF & SHAMPOO

J.F. Lazartigue has produced a shampoo specifically designed to neutralise the damaging effects that salt, sand and pool chemicals have on hair. The shampoo, modestly titled J.F. Lazartigue, is available from J.F. Lazartigue centres in Melbourne and Sydney.



TWENTY QUESTIONS

Twenty Questions is a new game from Paul Lamond Games. As the name implies it uses questions to test general knowledge. Try this for size. I am a person. I have four children by two wives. I was a statesman. I am famous for my spitting image. I'm not young, but I like jelly beans.

The aim of the game is to guess the answer with the fewest possible clues and thereby move around the board.

Try another one. I am a thing. My familiar colour is black. You can give me away but you can't get rid of me. People fear me. I've travelled the world.

Priced at around \$40, Twenty Questions sells from most department stores and toyshops. (By the way, the answer to the first question is Ronald Reagan and the second is the Bubonic plague.)



the whites of their eyes

Why, you may have wondered, did soldiers of the 18th and 19th centuries march towards each other in long unbroken ranks then stop and discharge their weapons in such plain view of one another, when they surely could have ducked behind cover? The answer is simple: they were stupid.

Stupid maybe, but not dumb. They knew their flintlock rifles and pistols were highly inaccurate. Out of 100 rifles discharged, only about 30 found their mark. It was usual that 20 weapons failed to fire and 50 shot either high or low. What's more, the effective killing range of these antique weapons was less than 100 metres.

The whole point of this story is that replica military weapons are interesting items that usually tell a decent story. And Smith's Sports Store in Sydney stocks a full range of replica antique pistols ranging from \$36 to \$160. For more information call (02) 211 0166.

SKOL!

Worldwide, people drink three million cases of Chivas Regal each year — that's 36 million bottles. This equates to about 97,000 bottles each day. Which, if you do your sums, means each minute we down about 70 bottles of Chivas No 5. So by the time you've read this, humankind has drained about 22 bottles of Chivas Regal. Just ask the local bottle-o, if you'd like to personally up this figure.





Pet Of The Month, Shelly Rowson

INSIDE APRIL AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE

The Wages Of Swim — Kieren Perkins is good-looking, young and a gold medallist swimmer. He's also money in the bank for advertisers, sponsors and sports promoters. In the next month's *Penthouse* see what amateur sporting success means in dollars and cents.

King Con — If you thought the money-madness of the Eighties was over then think again. In next month's issue of *Australian Penthouse* we follow the life and times of a declared bankrupt owing almost ten million dollars who still flies around the country advising people what to do with their money.

Paternity Wars — One in three marriages end in divorce and the wife will keep the kids and get 60 percent of the property. In divorce, Aussie men are the losers, but they're fighting back. Read about it in next month's *Australian Penthouse*.

Pet Of The Month — Beautiful Shelley Rowson grew up in Melbourne but after living in Hawaii for three years, the stunning 24-year-old found the Victorian climate too chilly. The 37-24-32 beauty now calls Queensland home and in next month's *Australian Penthouse* you'll see why she's one of the Sunshine State's greatest treasures.

MOTORING

Continued from page 21

as the 1000. Measuring up impressively against the benchmark of people's cars of the time, the Volkswagen Beetle, it may well have been the most advanced car of the day in Japan with an aluminium block, horizontally opposed layout and front-wheel drive. Australians, accustomed to Kingswoods and Falcons, with their proven conservatively engineered straight sixes and leaf-sprung rear ends, eyed the newcomers with a mixture of suspicion and disdain.

Sadly, the Subarus didn't conform to impending Australian Design Rules either, and for a second time the marque faded from the market in 1971.

What brought it back for a third, permanent time was the engineering feature with which Subaru passenger cars are now synonymous: four-wheel drive. Launched in 1973, the new Subaru could have been a car specifically designed for the Australian market, a front-drive station wagon which could switch to four-wheel drive at the pull of a lever. The Subaru was not a serious all-terrain machine like the LandCruiser. But it did soon reveal a capacity to go where normal passenger cars would certainly stumble and fall.

The "on demand" system was progressively refined. A dual range was added in 1980 and three years later press-button auto 4WD was introduced.

Along the path to mainstream acceptance, Subaru had a few stumbles. In the mid 1980s, it struggled manfully to survive. Only the tough little Brumby ute, the farmers' friend, kept Subaru from oblivion. The rest of the range was caught up in a devastating price spiral which the then importer LNC hardly discouraged. And, yes, the Vortex coupe, which was sold in Australia (though not in great numbers) between 1985 and 1989 didn't swing Subaru back on track. Its claim to fame was turbocharged performance, constant four-wheel drive and the slipperiest aerodynamics this side of a bullet. Unfortunately it looked like a cross between a reject from sci-fi comic and a Volvo, and only blind folk showed any real affection for the Vortex.

The future improved for the marque in 1989 when automotive giant TKM acquired the struggling franchise from lacklustre LNC and began putting money and energy into its revival. The awakening accelerated a few months later when the advent of the Liberty convinced Australians that the engineers and stylists were now working in concert, producing value-packed, exciting and practical motor cars that don't look like a train smash. — Peter McKay



GSX-R1100W

GSX-R750W

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powerful brakes ever. It's everything you've ever wanted.

Like the GSX-R750W, it is a pure sports machine with a race track heritage a mile long.

Eventually you know you have to stop, to play it through your mind again, to talk.

Soon it's time to move on. You could take the freeway, it's quicker and easier.

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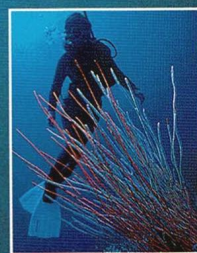
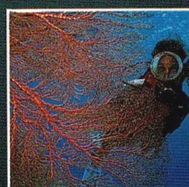
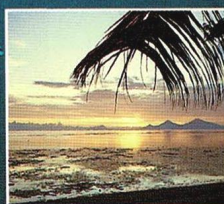
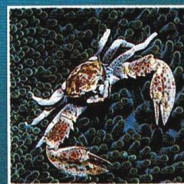
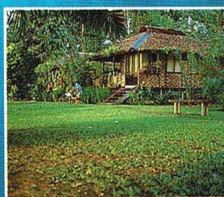


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